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Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1780.

THE BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 10, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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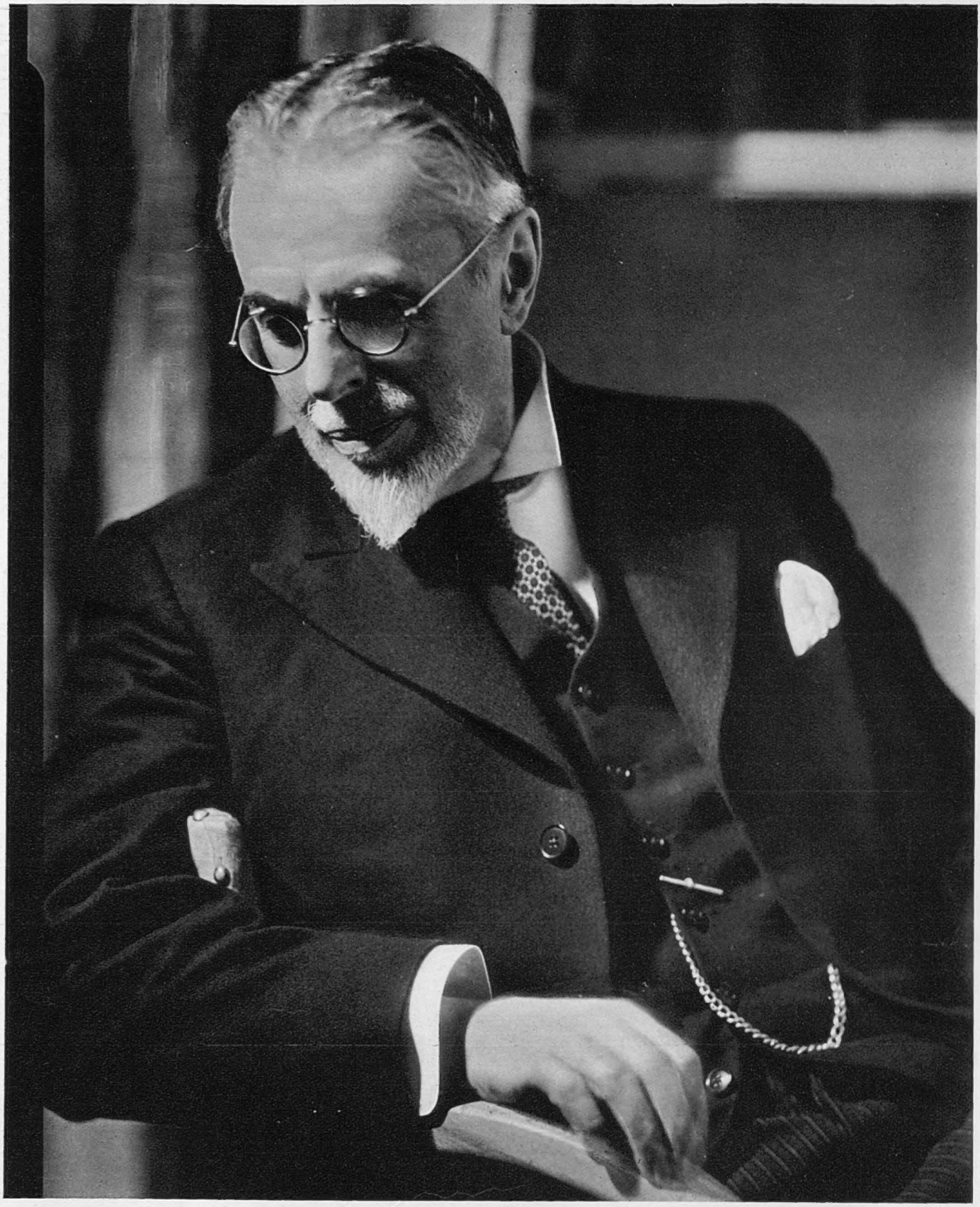
The Bystander, February 10, 1937 No. 1730. Vol. CXXXIII.

The Bystander

Margaret Vyner—Film Star from Down Under

Her honey-coloured hair and grey-blue eyes were first publicly appreciated by the judges who picked her as one of Sydney's six loveliest debs, destined for a stage trial in the Australian production of *Florodora*. And this daughter of a New South Wales stock farmer was the only one of the six to remain in the show business. After a visit to Europe at the age of eighteen, Margaret Vyner acted with Charles Farrell in an Australian film, and he gave her an introduction to Mr. Mycroft, of B.I.P., who put her straight into the lead of *Sensation*, which was at the Regal last week. Now she's making another Fleet Street film, *Midnight Special*, with Farrell again. That's the synopsis of her success, with intervals of mannequinning in Paris, editing a woman's fashion page, and dress designing. She rides, collects first editions and has built up such a library that her books have obliged her—as the Minister of Labour's books obliged him—to move into a larger flat



Laurence Housman—Author, Dramatist, Autobiographer

It is not Laurence Housman's boast—as it might be of a lesser man—that he has had thirty-two plays banned by the Censor. Of these many were subsequently passed, and the latest "release," *Victoria Regina*, will be one of the most important London productions of this year, as it was one of New York's greatest 1936 successes. But it is his charming, humorous, wise autobiography which has brought him most topically in the news. *The Unexpected Years* is so full of good things that every reviewer (including our own this week) has been sorely tempted to fill his columns with Mr. Housman's instead of his own words. Housman was born into a Victorian family of the best cultured, gifted, god-fearing type, learnt the art of self-expression at an early age, in competition with his brothers and sisters, published his first book (on Blake) at twenty-eight, and now occupies four inches in *Who's Who* with a list of his works (compared with Maugham's two-and-a-half and Shaw's five inches). *More Poems*, a final selection of the exquisite lyrics of his brother, A. E. Housman (of whom he writes much in his autobiography) was edited by him after the former's death last autumn. Literature apart, he has actively supported the woman's suffrage movement, the League of Nations, and the cause of peace. He now lives, with his sister, at Longmeadow Street in Somerset, a peaceful and simple life, save for his recent and by no means whole-hearted conversion to motor-car ownership

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

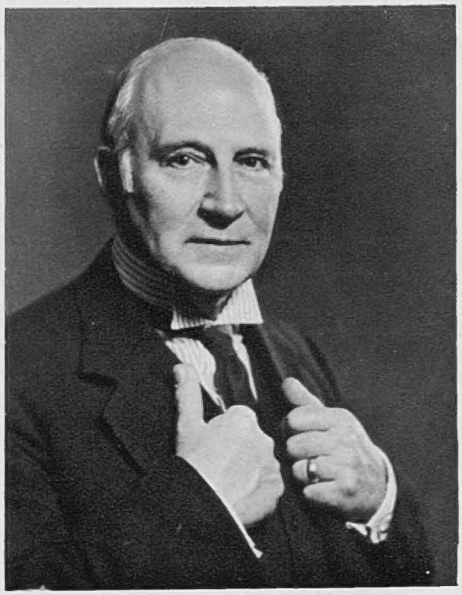
IT has been a dull week in the House of Commons, and the members have shown their open boredom by simply staying away. No one can be expected to work up very much enthusiasm or excitement over such things as beef subsidies and veal duties, and on several occasions during the week the House has been "counted out" for sheer lack of the handful of members that are necessary to form a quorum. It is a curious thing that the Government should so often plead lack of time as an excuse for not introducing certain tricky and awkward Bills such as the reorganisation of coal-mines.

WHILE things have been slack on the home political front, there has been a welcome lull also on the international side. A week which passes without a single major crisis is an event in these times. Herr Hitler's speech on the fourth anniversary of the establishment of the new régime was received with reserve in Paris. The references to Russia were especially greeted with suspicion. France is naturally distrustful of any move by any country to separate her from her Russian ally, and the Führer is not inclined to mince his words when he is talking about the Soviet. There is vague talk in Berlin about the possibility of a resumption of direct conversations between the two countries, but so far nothing definite seems likely to emerge in the near future.

HERR VON RIBBENTROP, the elusive German Ambassador, has returned to Carlton House Terrace from Berlin, and the usual crop of rumours has come back with him. The chief of them is that a strong attempt is going to be made in pro-German and anti-League circles in this country to arrange some kind of bargain, which would have to include a compromise on colonies, with Germany. On the other hand, one of the City's financial journals has come out with a strong article against the loan of any more British money to Germany. This is significant, as it is the first sign of anti-German feeling in the City for years.

THE French are wasting no time in pushing on with their huge rearmament plans. The famous Maginot Line of fortifications is to be extended to the sea at Dunkirk and to Switzerland, and the air force is to be enormously expanded. Also the great armament works of Schneider are to be nationalised for the public service. It will be interesting to watch the progress of this experiment in State Socialism.

WHAT a time the United States are having! As if the floods were not enough for any country to tackle, the industrial dispute between a quarter of a million workers and the colossal General Motors Corporation is looking uglier and uglier. The men are occupying the factories and refusing to come out. The employers refuse even to consider negotiation until the men do come out. A deadlock has been reached, and history shows only too painfully that when an American industrial dispute reaches a deadlock, violence is certain to break out. Terrorists on one side and hired strike-breakers on the other have caused much blood to flow in the neighbourhood of American factories and mines.



Fayer of Vienna

New Year Viscount

Lord Greenwood was the only Viscount in the New Year's Honours List; as Hamar Greenwood he was made a Baronet in 1915, a Privy Councillor in 1920, and a Baron in 1929. He has been Treasurer of the Conservative Party since 1933, is Chairman of Dorman, Long, Ltd., and among other appointments held the last Chief Secretaryship for Ireland

THE Honours List was an even less inspiring list than usual, and that is saying a lot. Only two out of the honours went to members of the liberal professions. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, ex-Education Minister, and historian, who got the Order of Merit, was one and Dr. Adrian Boult was the other. All the rest went to big business, politics, and members of the Civil and Fighting Services.

THE Labour Party of the Gorton division of Manchester has shown notable and unusual breadth of mind in selecting Mr. Wedgwood Benn as its candidate in the forthcoming bye-election. Mr. Benn was not only a distinguished and gallant airman during the war, but after it he showed great talents as a Parliamentarian and was Secretary of State for India during the Labour administration of 1929. His return to the Labour front bench after an absence of six years would be of advantage not only to the Opposition, but to the whole House. The Labour side is so weak in talents and personalities that the debates are apt on occasion to become one-sided. Mr. Benn is a witty and formidable debater, and popular with all parties.

Howard Coster, London

Sir Adrian Boult—New Year Knight

Adrian Boult was the only musician, as H. A. L. Fisher was the only writer, to appear in the 1937 Honours List; he has been made a knight. The B.B.C. has had him as its Director of Music since 1930; of the work he does for them the public knows little except that he has created one of the two leading orchestras in England. He is conducting eight of the twelve B.B.C. symphony concerts this winter

THE captain of a British salvage-vessel announced this week that he had found the hull of the Lusitania about eighteen months ago, and that he was going to begin salvage operations this spring. The hull is lying, he said, about 400 feet down, and eleven miles south of Kinsale. If the operations do get under way, presumably the old claim of the German Government to be represented at the surface will be put forward again. The Germans have always maintained that the Lusitania was carrying a consignment of periscopic sights for field-guns, and they used to be, and presumably still are, anxious to prove their case.

THE demolition of historic London goes on unceasingly, and the citizens either do not know or do not care, or are hardened to it. But surely a few people will shed a tear over the imminent disappearance of Sir Joshua Reynold's house in Leicester Square, to make room for an extension of the headquarters of the Automobile Association. It is one of the famous of all the ten million houses in London. Reynolds lived there for thirty years and painted most of his portraits. You can still see the famous iron balustrade on the staircase with the outward curve for the ladies' bustles. But you will not see it much longer, for the all-conquering internal-combustion engine will sweep it away. Perhaps the same contrivance, operating from the air, will sweep all London away in the nearer or further future. Never mind. It 's all Progress.

THE L.C.C. seems to have had a rush of rechristening blood to their heads. Not so long ago the Knightsbridge area was put into a pretty tangle of Trevors and Charleses, and now Lower Berkeley Street has suddenly become Fitzhardinge Street. The next step will be, of course, a great crop of Avenues Foch, Gambetta, and Woodrow Wilson, and the ultimate catastrophe is the Street of March Sixteenth, or the Boulevard April the First. What was wrong with Lower Berkeley Street, anyway? Perhaps the American Bureau de Tourisme objected that its clients could not pronounce it.

LORD DECIES has accepted the chairmanship of the Harry Preston Memorial Fund, and a circular letter has been issued appealing for support. The idea is to build an addition to the Royal Sussex County Hospital at Brighton. Harry Preston raised £100,000 for hospitals during his life and he was especially interested in the Royal Sussex, so the scheme is very appropriate, and I hope the money will be quickly raised. Harry Preston was a unique character, a survivor of a great age of social life and sport in England. The offices of the Memorial Fund are at 162, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

THE Arsenal Football Club has a remarkably good chance of pulling off the double event this year, and winning both the Championship of the League and the Association Cup. They have won both their first two rounds in the Cup with almost ridiculous ease, each by five goals to nothing, and are at the top of the League table. They are also incomparably the most interesting team in the country to watch, and their skill is positively uncanny.

THE Test Match has proved once again what everybody now knows, namely that since the retirement of Larwood from big cricket, England does not possess bowlers skilful enough to get Bradman out twice cheaply on a good wicket. On a bad wicket Bradman has very rarely played a great innings—indeed, so far as I can remember, only twice in his Test Match career—but on good wickets he is in a class by himself. As the deciding match of this series is to be played at Melbourne, where wickets are generally hard and true, England's chances of winning the Ashes are not very hopeful.

Déshabillée, by Drian

Drian (nomme de brosse of M. Adrian) is best-known as an etcher, dry-pointer and painter on glass; the Exhibition of his works at Walker's Galleries, however, is of his oils, water-colours, pastel and pencil compositions. His remarkable verve is well demonstrated and there are several examples of his favourite colour scheme of black, white and shades of red

The Very Light Side of Fox Hunting

It 's too bad we 'll never know about that joke. All we know is that it made Mr. F. A. Pearson and Capt. Edmonstone laugh so much it 's hard not to laugh with them

Little Elaine Johnson and her father, Mr. J. L. Johnson, of New Jersey, wore, for the Fernie meet at Skeffington Hall (where the Noel Furlongs live), just these very clothes

WITH the death of Walter Brearley, another of the cricketing personalities of pre-war days disappears. He was a fast bowler of enormous strength, both physical and moral. He could bowl at a great pace for hours and hours, and was never daunted. There was a classic Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval in 1906 which is still talked about by old-time cricket enthusiasts. Brearley bowled very fast at one end and N. A. Knox bowled even faster at the other, and Martyn, the Somersetshire amateur wicket-keeper, stood right up to stumps to both of them.

WHAT a world of fantasy we live in. Empires totter, thrones and dictatorial seats wobble, chaos is just round the corner. Who cares? Who can afford the time to worry about such things when a real sensation is in our midst. Consternation has been caused by the news that Britain's number one television announcer has shaved off his moustache.

The Flat Dog

Some dogs delight
To bark and bite,
But these prefer
To sit and purr.
So buy one when you take a flat:
It's half an angel, half a cat.

Actually, they don't quite purr, these dogs, but they do wash themselves like cats They are also said to be clean in their habits, free from diseases that attack European dogs, good tempered, and they don't bark. All this certainly qualifies them for-keeping company with flat-dwellers. The odd thing is that these highly civilised creatures grow naturally somewhere in darkest Africa, and were discovered by Mrs. Burn, of Rossingham, near Canterbury, Kent, when travelling with her husband in the Congo country. They are called Basenjis, and Mrs. Burn is showing some of them at Crufts' this week

Anglo-American Wedding

Mr. John Walker, vice-president of the American Academy at Rome, son of the late Hay Walker and Mrs. Leslie Morgan Johnston, married Miss Margaret Drummond at S. Andrea al Quirinale in Rome. She is the daughter of the Hon. Sir Eric Drummond, H.B.M. Ambassador in Rome, and the Hon. Lady Drummond, and a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk

Anglo-Dutch Wedding

Jonkheer Adrian van der Wyck and Countess Brydgytte Bentinck were married at St. Paul's, Onslow Square. He is the youngest son of the late Jonkheer E. R. van der Wyck, Chamberlain to the Queen of the Netherlands, and Douairière van der Wyck; she is the late Capt. Count Robert Bentinck and Lady Norah Bentinck's daughter

Anglo-Spanish Wedding

Mr. Andrew de Bertodano, who married Lady Sylvia Savile at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, is the eldest son of the Marques del Moral and the late Lady Ida de Bertodano (who was Lady Ida Dalzell before her marriage). The bride is the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mexborough

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE first night of *Home and Beauty*, the new revue at the Adelphi, was the usual enormously successful Cochran crush! Not a seat for love or money, not a hope in the foyer bars (everyone who likes either to see or be seen having somehow battled their way in), the inevitable wet night, and the usual excited, good-humoured throng outside the theatre.

It is a lovely show, one of the best that even Mr. Cochran has ever given us. Gitta Alpar, Binnie Hale and Nelson Keys all scored enormous personal successes, and the whole revue is full of new tricks and notions.

It was too crowded to see much of the audience except those in our immediate vicinity, but as these included Mr. and Mrs. Simon Marks, planning to sail on the Queen Mary on the 17th, and only just back from Egypt; Claire Luce, in a sensational outfit of white cloth and gold braid, a round cap of gold fringe on her paler gold hair; and two Mrs. Lawson-Johnstons in lovely ermine coats, we could not complain.

Renounced Their Bog

WE saw a very small, very young, fair-haired little girl in a little white chiffon dress dancing at the Four Hundred the other night, and wondered what she and her almost equally young curly-headed boy friend were doing even at the most pompous of bottle-parties.

It was Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, who having renounced their beloved bog in County Mayo for a day or two, were enjoying a night out!

Bottle-Parties in Regent's Park

TALKING of little girls, what about Miss Richardson, sub-deb of seven summers, who during her parents recent absence in St. Moritz, organised nightly bottle-parties (on milk!) from three to six a.m., in a built-out wing at the back of the Richardson mansion in Regent's Park.

She and a couple of house-guests, aged five and six, crept from their nurseries at a given hour (their method of waking remains a mystery to this day), and, installed in this back apartment, made riotous whoopee.

Neighbours complained of these nocturnal orgies, and rumours of ghosts got around Gloucester Gate, until at last Nannie decided to sit up and keep watch.

Miss Richardson was captured in the act, and the secret of innumerable colds in the head, and a mysterious exhaustion that affected the trio by day, was unfolded!

Much Depends on the Man

NEWLY compiled lists of the best male ball-room dancers in Mayfair are always appearing in the gossip columns.

These lists, we understand, are usually incorrect, and as we rely for our information on a woman who all the men agree "should know," we can vouch for her knowledge and opinion.

While admitting that more depends on the man, his partner is by no means devoid of responsibility, yet a girl who dances well gets very little credit in this direction.

By public vote, Lady Plunket and Lady Portarlington would win as the two best dancers in society (embarrassing term!).

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Miss Jean Combe and Miss Thyrza Clifton are all marvellous performers.

Miss Vivien Leigh would undoubtedly be called upon to represent the stage (oddly enough, stage dancing seems to have nothing to do with ball-room perfection).

Mrs. Derek Jackson must be up to standard to follow the intricacies of the Hon. David Herbert's steps, and we feel pretty sure that Miss Diana Mainwaring is way ahead of many a professional partner.

Instead of Bumping Around

THE Countess of Warwick is one of the most expert and graceful of ball-room dancers. When she took the floor at the Café de Paris the other night with Mr. Billy Fiske, of St. Moritz Cresta fame, the rest of the room sat and watched admiringly instead of bumping around and getting in their way.

Lady Warwick's clear-cut black dress, half taffetas, half velvet, was very becoming, and she wore one of those divine short coats made entirely of silver foxes. She is off to America again in the very near future.

Like Red Currants

THE lovely Lady Anne Bridgeman was also there that night, dancing with Lord Cowdray.

Her features have the rare perfection that make a centre parting, no waves,

Mr. de la Poer and Miss Capel Miers

Edmond Arnold Robert de la Poer, elder son of Count de la Poer and the late Mrs. de la Poer, and Rosemary Capel Miers, daughter of the late Capt. Douglas Capel Miers, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Miers, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Arranging a Ballet Gala

This sub-committee of Markova, Miss Eleanor Watts and Mr. Ashley Dukes, formed itself at a sherry-party committee meeting in Berkeley Square in connection with the Ballet Gala on March 8th in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs. This is going to be an important date—first, because the Queen is going, and secondly, because of the marvellous list of performers, including the Vic-Wells Company, Markova and Dolin, Sokolova, and the Mercury Ballet

and a small bun at the back of the head possible.

Mrs. Graham Ogden was yet another "lovely" there the same evening. Her silver dress was of unusual design, and her long ruby earrings reminded us of a bunch of red currents hanging in a diamond setting. She was in a large party given by her brother-in-law, Mr. Edward de Winton Wills, as a farewell gesture before sailing for New York and Nassau. Lady Phyllis Allen was in the same party, a slim figure in pale-green satin, and the Hon. Anthony Winn, a young man in whom we find looks, charm, and a rare intelligence.

Invitations from Mid-Ocean

LADY PHYLLIS'S arrival from New York the other day was original, to say the least of it. She and a fellow-passenger, Mr. Homer Smith, sent out radios from mid-ocean bidding their friends to a cocktail-party at the latter's house in Aldford Street on the day of their return.

The boat was several hours late, however, and the cocktail-party was nearly over by the time the host and hostess appeared. Lady Portarlington, Lord Delamere, Lord Michelham, the Ralph Hankés, and Miss Marianne Davis were among those who had collected to welcome the travellers.

Abandoned Jamboree

THE following postscript comes from St. Moritz, where the social kaleidoscope is as scintillating as ever, despite a three-day snow-storm.

After being postponed three times, the Corviglia moonlight jamboree had finally to be abandoned. However, Mrs. Charles Cartwright came to the rescue with one of her famous parties in the private room at the Palace. It was a really swell affair, complete with Tyrolean band from Kitzbühl.

The Knitting "Duchess"

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG (now unfortunately laid low with pneumonia) and Lord Brownlow, who has come on from St. Anton, are among the brigade of newcomers whose ranks have been further swelled by Christine Lady Churchill, Mrs. Winston Churchill (another immigrant from the Arlberg), and the Duke of Alba, with his daughter, Donna Cayetana Stuart Fitz-James. Also Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper (otherwise known as "the Duchess"), who takes her knitting but not her skis up to Chantarella. Both she and Lady Alexandra Haig are staying with the Haddingtons at Suvretta. Christine Lady Churchill, who 's let her house in the Border country to young Lord and Lady Reay, skates a great deal, so does Sir John Maffey, whose tall, fair-haired daughter, Penelope, is easily the prettiest girl in St. Moritz, which, I may add, is saying a good deal. Sir John was piloted down the bob run the other day by Baron Lunden, and was so thrilled by the experience that now he wants to do it again.

Engaged

Mr. James Rutland and the Hon. Joan Milne, Field-Marshal Lord and Lady Milne's only daughter announced their engagement not long ago and are being married in March

Billiard-Bed Room

A VERY industrious person is Lord St. Davids' niece, Mrs. Robert Adeane, who when not ski-ing works away at her first novel, which she hopes to complete before long. The hotel where she and her husband are staying is so full that they are sleeping in the billiard room. They are both going on to Kleine-Scheidegg shortly to join Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's party.

The latest craze is to get up at dawn and rush over to Davos to "do a Parsenn." Lord and Lady Haddington did this recently, also Sir Keith Fraser, whose petite Chilean-born wife looks rather frail after her recent illness.

I can also tell you that Hilary Charles has twisted her knee out ski-ing; that Mrs. Claude Leigh's little daughter, Virginia, is the "star" pupil of the Suvretta juvenile ski school; that author Louis Bromfield gave a farewell-party for Lady Dunedin on the eve of her departure for London, and that Mrs. Antony Acton and her husband have commuted to Kitzbühl, where a great crowd of well-knowns seems to be foregathering for the February ski-ing.

MISS PEEPS

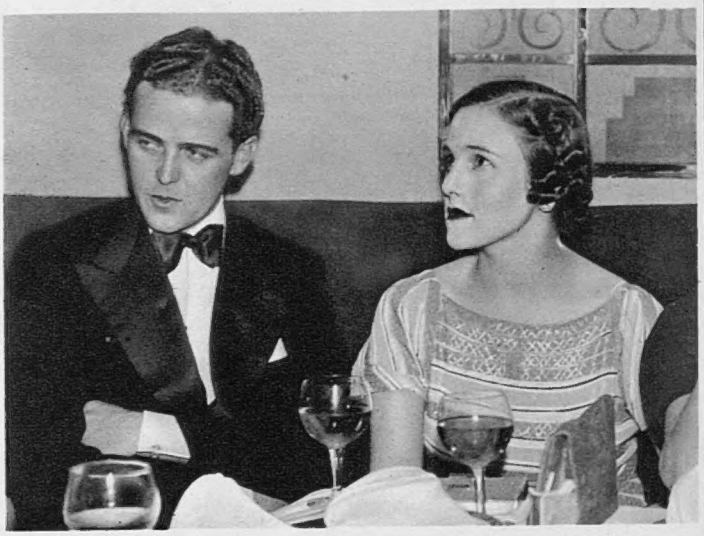
Out at Night

Left: Lord Willingdon and Lady Strathcona were at the premiere of "The Great Barrier," which opened the new Gaumont Cinema, and at which Queen Mary made her second public appearance in two days. It took place last Thursday (and not, as incorrectly stated on p. 218 of this issue, on Thursday, 11th)

Lord Willingdon and Lady Strathcona

Miss Merle Oberon, Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mrs. Mary Booker

These three lovely women were photographed together at a recent film premiere; each of them has a pretty well-established right to be called a beauty. Merle Oberon is working at Denham again; she and Laughton are the stars of "I, Claudius," the film version of Robert Graves' novel



Mr. Bobby Sweeny and Lady Jersey

Had their sofa table at the Café de Paris and were watching someone make an entry down those stairs

Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mr. "Billy" Roote

Above: Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mr. "Billy" Roote were at the first night of the new Cochran revue. The next night the Adelphi was packed with a "charity" audience for the gala performance in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Lady Anne Bridgeman and Mr. Jack Profumo

Left: Lady Anne Bridgeman had supper at the Café de Paris with Mr. Jack Profumo the night before she went abroad

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 6

Michael Balcon

THE new producing chief of M.-G.-M. in this country has already supervised the spending of over ten million pounds on English pictures—at the rate of £40,000 apiece. Which gives you the additional fact that he has been concerned with two hundred and fifty of them. But then, he began his career sorting diamonds as an apprentice to a Birmingham jeweller just before the war. His eyesight not being what it should (and no wonder, after this job), he was refused for the Army after joining the Birmingham University O.T.C. and was transferred to the Dunlop Rubber Company, where he became secretary to the general manager and learnt all about organisation. The war over, he became a salesman for advertising films with the Victory motion picture people. Victor Saville was doing the same thing. Soon they put their heads together, secured a backer, and launched out on their own with *Woman to Woman*. For this, Betty Compson was imported, the picture cost £30,000, was a huge (technical) success, and exactly paid its way.

Having tasted blood, Michael Balcon formed Gainsborough Pictures with Graham-Coutts and proceeded to make films on a contract basis with the support of W. and F. Within four years his company was taken over by Gaumont-British and floated as a public company. Within another three years he had become Director of Production for Gaumont-British—a position he held until a few weeks ago.

During these periods he handled the Ivor Novello cycle of films and similarly those of Jack Hulbert and Conrad Veidt. He has also been concerned with the careers of Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Stevenson, Walter Ford, and Sonnie Hale; imported a number of Hollywood film stars; discovered Nova Pilbeam and Anna Lee; bought a charming property at Ide Hill, in Kent, married, and gave up golf.

ORIGINALLY (he suspects) of Russian extraction, Michael Balcon can be quite a Tartar. He talks and walks too fast; has a memory that operates two days late, and yet is very punctual; hurries his meals except at the week-end; is so superstitious that he would never dream of making a film about Napoleon; is peculiarly conservative about his friends; resents any suggestion that he could ever be discourteous to them; never smokes a cigar, but smokes far too many cigarettes; is quick, sleek, alert; and would sooner direct Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor than do anything else in the world. His critics—and anyone so successful is bound to have critics—say that metaphorically he is too fond of filling his own ink-well: in other words that he finds it difficult to delegate authority and is too much taken up with detail in the foreground to concentrate on ultimate objectives.

This is certain—Michael Balcon is alternately very pessimistic or optimistic, with a bias to the former; he is acutely polite to people he dislikes; hates facing an issue or an audience; and is very much liked in the film industry, particularly by those who have worked under him. You see, he has two very popular qualities—he is extremely generous and he can laugh at himself. **Charles Graves**

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Behind Your Back" (Strand)

IT is not often nowadays that you find the author of a play vending his own tickets. If, however, you enter the Strand Theatre, there you may discover Charles Landstone, author of *Behind Your Back*, ensconced in his own box-office, pencilling his own sheet, and dispensing stalls and dress and upper circles to all and sundry in quite the good old style. This, let me hasten to add, is no brazen stunt. Mr. Landstone has been a box-office man for years. Playwriting is here the departure from routine.

But what a handy stunt this combination of duties suggests! When receipts drop and something must be done to whip up interest, how the public would flock, were it announced that tickets would henceforth be sold by Ivor Novello or Noel Coward in person! Who would not thrill to receive change for a pound from Bernard Shaw? The ladies, too, might lend a hand. The pigeon-holing of Yvonne Printemps would not inconceivably have saved that show at the St. James's. And if Bergner had done duty in the box-office at His Majesty's for just one hour a day, is it not probable that more tickets would have been sold then than during all the other eleven hours from ten to ten put together?

IN the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Landstone's play should deal with theatrical life. Nor is it surprising, though it is certainly unusual, that it should be not a back-stage but a front-house comedy. The whole of the action takes place in a dress-circle bar. The characters are business managers, stage managers, bar managers, box-office assistants, commissionaires, cleaners, playwrights, programme-girls, Press representatives. Here is a world that rings new if it does not ring true. Everybody is in love with somebody. The secretary is in love with the authoress. The business manager is in love with the stage manager. The commissionaire, though married to the cleaner, is in love with the box-office assistant.

The goings-on that go on in the dress-circle bar between the intervals you wouldn't believe if it were not for Mr. Landstone's bona fides. And even in spite of them, you may not.

ALL the same, his experience stands him in good stead. What with all these love affairs, and a temperamental leading lady who must be applauded at appropriate intervals by the programme-girls, and a play that is a flop being acted to a house that is half deadheads, there is plenty of bustle to eke out the three acts. And if the foyer during the real intervals at the Strand strikes you as distinctly less diverting than the play, that, after all, is only as it should be.

The various types are represented by a capable company. Jack Melford as the business manager is like a cat on hot bricks. Particularly good are Dorothy Dewhurst behind the bar; Martin Walker in his cups; and Jonathan Field as a sober suburban literary aspirant. Mary Glynne as an authoress and Marjorie Mars as a stage manageress maintain their reputations. At the last moment Esme Percy gives us a brilliant ten minutes as a florid actor-manager. I take it, too, that Kenneth Buckley's insolent sneer is just what was wanted for the Press representative. But please remember that the Press representative in this piece is only a villain because in a piece like this a villain there must be.

The publicity manager (left) gets going to the theatre manager's chagrin: Kenneth Buckley, Jack Melford and Marjorie Mars

Sketches by Rouson

Adam Adams, actor manager: Esmé Percy

Lady Millicent and two sorts of lap-dog: Mary Glynne and Dan Tobin

Redvers Llewellyn as Figaro (The Barber), at work on Arnold Matters as Dr. Bartolo

The Hero and the Villains

Count Almaviva, disguised as a tipsy soldier, harasses the unscrupulous Don Basilio (with umbrella) and the unfortunate Dr. Bartolo—a scene from Act II.; Tudor Davies, Ronald Stear and Arnold Matters

"The Barber of Seville"

The Rossini Revival at Sadler's Wells

The Beaumarchais-Rossini masterpiece was added to the 1936—37 repertoire at Sadler's Wells a fortnight ago. Ruth Naylor, returned to the company to play Rosina, gives a vivacious and tuneful performance; Tudor Davies, save when he gives way to middle-aged comics in his disguise as priest, is a dignified and resonant Count; Redvers Llewellyn, as Figaro, blends a splendid voice with pleasant scampishness, making the most of "Largo al Factotum" (the opera is done in Professor Dent's excellently Englished version). Bartolo and Basilio are properly handled by Arnold Matters and Ronald Stear and Warwick Braithwaite conducts *The Barber of Seville*, which will be given next Friday and next Wednesday at the Wells

Dr. Bartolo and His Ward Rosina (Ruth Naylor)

Photographs by Anthony

English Faces at St. Moritz

Miss Ann Smyth Richeson and Sir Oliver Lambart

Ann Richeson is going to Hollywood in April to make herself a film career, and meanwhile skis at St. Moritz. Sir Oliver Lambart is Irish, twenty-three, and the second Baronet

The Hon. Mrs. John Hare and Miss Veronica Pearson

These two are cousins: Mrs. John Hare was Nancy Pearson, and is Lord Cowdray's sister, and Veronica Pearson is Capt. the Hon. Clive Pearson's eldest daughter. They were photographed outside Suvretta House

Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth was all wrapped up for a sleigh drive, and had a letter from England to read

Miss Penelope Maffey

Was at St. Moritz with her father, Sir John Maffey; she's so pretty, and gay and intelligent as well. She was planning to go on to Kitzbühl later

Sir John Swinnerton Dyer and Lady Gloria Fisher

St. Moritz welcomed the snow-storm that had started when the two above were photographed; local runs were getting very icy. Lady Gloria Fisher is the Lisburnes' daughter, married Nigel Fisher in 1935 and has a Coronation debutante, Lady Honor Vaughan, for sister

Right: Mrs. Somerset and the Hon. Esmé Glyn were staying at Suvretta House, but lunching at Corviglia Club. The latter was thinking of going over to try the Parsenn after the snowfall

Mrs. Robert Somerset and the Hon. Esmé Glyn

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

You probably remember Chesterton's lines:

Lord Lilac thought it rather rotten
That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten
And therefore got on a Committee
With several chaps out of the City,
And Shorter and Sir Herbert Tree,
Lord Rothschild and Lord Rosebery, etc., etc.

They came dancing into our memory when we heard of the new £250,000 subscription scheme, just launched by "leading Shakespeareans" in England and America, to reconstruct on the mud of Bankside the old Globe Theatre and the Mermaid Tavern (originally in Bread Street, Cheapside), adding a vast Elizabethan Library and Museum and surrounding the whole with trees, shrubs, and flowers from Shakespeare's Warwickshire.

One note in the prospectus sounded ominous:

The Theatre and the Tavern will embody all that is best and most characteristic of their Tudor originals, while eschewing their cruder and more primitive elements.

Groaning slightly, we visualised Ye Mermayd Taverne in advance. Olde oake beams of iron (we thought). Electric candles, dripping electric waxe. Machine-made half-timbering and diamond panes, each exactly resembling the other. Tapsters and serving-wenches in period costume, looking as miserable as hell. Period furniture, exquisitely uncomfortable and (to strike a welcome modern note), normal L.C.C. licensing hours to stop ye revellers from revelling unduly, with Ye Daintie Shyllynge Teas served during prohibited hours. In other words, we thought, just another road-house, except for a chill atmosphere of donnery over everything.

Actually, having seen Mr. Kenneth Cross's proposed front elevation, we 've cheered up. It isn't half bad and it hasn't any half-timbering. If the interior is half as good it 'll do very well, except for the L.C.C. We don't quite see what the boys want to go so grandiose for, seeing we already have that big Soviet barrack on the banks of the Avon to demonstrate our national passion for the Bard, but if you approve their idea, send your cheques along to the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna at Ye Olde Mydlande Banke in ye Poultrye, with a hey nonny nonny.

Spectator

On the rare occasions during the past forty years when he was not mixed up in wars, earthquakes, durbars, coups d'état, coronations, revolutions, and royal tours all over the globe, Sir Percival Phillips, who has just died in a London nursing-home, lived in chambers in Chancery Lane, collected Japanese prints, and mingled in his club with friends to whom his sudden brief reappearances were always an event. Percy Phillips, big, quiet, modest, charming, was, unless we 're wrong, the only member of the little group of British ace war-correspondents of 1914-1918 who stuck to the game; probably because he liked it. (Having begun his career as a special correspondent in the Turko-Greek War of 1897, he got the habit early.) The most distinguished of his brother K.B.E.'s, Philip Gibbs and Beach Thomas, turned to literature and farming after the Great War, but Phillips went on wandering over the world, and got a lot of fun out of it. He was the only man we 've ever known who could tell you off-hand, if asked, the shortest route from Bangkok to Reykjavik, or from Pongo-Pongo to Kirriemuir.

"Lumme! I must 'a put 'er in reverse"

But he was never the Travelled Bore, and he shrank from inflicting the strange places of the earth on anybody. The extent to which he did this may be judged by the fact that it was not until three years ago that the publishers ran him to earth for a book. His despatches were always accurate, up-to-the-minute, clear, packed, and vivid without being emotional, and Life, recognising and approving these qualities, often played up to him by letting big news-stories break when Phillips happened to be about. He never included in his baggage those spectacles with magnifying or rose-coloured lenses which many special correspondent boys can hardly see a thing without, and we peer round in vain for his successor.

Sports Corner

Like a few other new ideas which come to us bright and hot from America, the new Chin Golf game isn't so new, in theory, at least. The rules of the Chin Golf Association, just published, apply to the morning shave, which must be completed cleanly in the fewest possible strokes. Hazards are moustaches, whiskers (including the mutton-chop or Chelsea

Smear), dimpies, pimples, moles, boils, scars, or carbuncles. Inferior razors, dull blades, cold water, caustic soap, scrapes, scratches, pulls, slices, cuts, and the jitters are not hazards, and flies, smuts, or mosquitoes may be removed from the course without a penalty. It goes without saying that the keen player can carry as many razors as he can afford, safety or cut-throat. Also that in match or medal play people with big fat faces or a wealth of chins would have their handicap revised favourably beforehand.

Well, Dr. Johnson, who thought of nearly everything, also thought of Chin Golf. We forget his actual words, and we 're much too comfortable lying here to look them up, but the gist of his remarks on shaving to Boswell is that hardly any two men in the world use the same strokes, hold the club the same way, cover the ground the same way, or get out of (so to speak) bunkers the same way. Obviously, nowadays, with 57 varieties of club to choose from, these differences are accentuated.

In Marble Halls

ADVERTISING for a Male Receptionist the other day, the B.B.C. outlined his duties briefly but clearly. He needed to have among other things "experience in dealing with the general public," a good education, wide general knowledge, and "ability to handle emergencies." In our opinion this last requirement sounds pretty significant. Everybody knows that Broadcasting House is equipped with sliding steel shutters and fortified doors, and can be rendered attack- and siege-proof in an instant—think of the gallant defenders being locked in willy-nilly with a pack of dons and aunts and crooners and variety hour comedians for six weeks or so, and ask yourself if the siege of the Alcazar could have been much worse. Wow! and it 's obvious that in any such emergency the receptionist will be called on to play an important part. You 've probably guessed what that 'll be, too. When the attackers, whoever they are, a foreign enemy or a mob lusting for crooners' blood, rush the main entrance and pour into the foyer, the receptionist will hold 'em up and refuse politely to let 'em go any further till they 've each filled in the usual form stating business, etc. While they 're doing this (with a pretty bad grace, no doubt, but helpless in the face of Bureaucracy), concealed loud-speakers all round the foyer will spray them with a reverberating talk on Old Worcester Flock-Beds by some lisping don, battering the mob's moral to pieces, rendering it numb and dazed, and making possible a surprise flanking movement headed by Major Eric Maschwitz and his volunteer Death Squad, which will round 'em all up.

"Knock-knock! Who 's there?"

Racket

WHATEVER other British industries are doing not so well at the moment, the Charity Racket is doing very nicely, thank you, as appears from a conference of honest charity organisers the other day. "The cupboards of the Charity Organisation Society," said their secretary, "are bursting with dossiers, especially of bogus concerns"; and he added that in the Greater London area alone people call on householders with collecting boxes on an average three times a day, many of them dressed for the part as clergymen and nurses (uniforms and dog-collars supplied by the contractors). He estimated that £100,000 a year is extracted from the soft-hearted British public by charity racketeers.

These gangsters who prey on the middle and lower-middle classes naturally do immense harm to authentic charities. We don't think the Mayfair end of the racket is quite so pernicious. From a Farmyard Ball at a smart hotel, in aid of Homes for Happy Dustmen, the gross turnover is, say, £1,750, out of which, after expenses have been met, the happy dustmen get, say, £35/18/6, to take a generous view. The obvious defence, and a sound one, is that if the Farmyard Ball had not been held at all, those smart egg-faces dressed up as cows and ducks and pigs and horses and enjoying innocent fun, would have spent the evening squandering much more money on more questionable pleasures and the Happy Dustmen wouldn't have got a bob. There is, therefore, as you will agree, a double benefit in this aspect of the racket (not to speak of the organisers'), and it can hardly come under the same moral ban

"'Ere, I'll give you two to one against the Arsenal"

as the process of swindling suburban housewives. This is a point, in our estimation, the Home Secretary should carefully consider, if and when he decides to take any steps in an urgent matter.

Lost Endeavour

MIXING now and again with the jolly Fleet Street boys, God bless them, we found to our surprise last week that they 're still brooding over the Norfolk wedding, which has left them not a little testy. In the first place their watches disagreed. The *Express* thought the marriage-service took three minutes; the *Times* and *Telegraph* thought it took six, and the *Mail* thought fifteen. Whatever it was, some of the boys are not sure in any case that they can overlook the Church's action in so brutally depriving them of a picturesque news-story. Having practically nothing to write up inside the Oratory, they could only concentrate on the crowds outside, which for size and noise almost equalled those which mob American film-stars.

This wasn't all, either. Mr. Hickey of the *Express* drew attention to the fact that the bride's mother was pretty offhand over letting the Press preview the wedding-presents on the eve of the ceremony. The attitude in Berkeley Square seemed to be that the newspapers could take it or leave it; and there was some bother in addition with the servants over Press passes, Mr. Hickey reported. In a word, one would think these people didn't care about publicity one way or the other—which is so monstrous a suggestion one hesitates even to formulate it. Hence, no doubt, the slightly censorious flavour of one or two or three of the printed accounts. It didn't seem to us that Hilde Marchant, who reported the affair for the *Express*, approved of anything at all, from the unlit candles to the inadequate police. Whether the Vatican will apologise or not nobody seems to know. Something should be done about it.

Fun, Huh!

LOVERS of the bath will note with little enthusiasm that the least attractive method on earth of taking one has now been discovered. Up to a little time ago a pre-dinner bath in an Atlantic liner during a gale represented the nadir of unease. There 's nothing one imagined more disconcerting to the mind and nerves than that perpetual heavy swaying from side to side of your bathwater as the ship rolls, giving you the alternative of staying in it, hypnotised and dizzy, till you die, or getting out and facing the prospect of dressing, which is much worse.

However, two of the New York Vanderbilts have now installed a bath in the air-liner in which they contemplate a cruise with friends from Miami round South America. If you can imagine being a Vanderbilt guest in this bath when the 'plane strikes a nasty patch and suddenly drops 200 feet like a stone, as is the frightful habit of 'planes in bad weather, you may conjecture that the Vanderbilts will have some fun. They 're a flamboyant and imperious clan, and having been for generations the spoilt children of New York society, and a standing front-page story in the American Press, it 's left them more than a little blasé and apt to be tickled by the simplest, most inexpensive pleasures. As Frank Sullivan pensively said, the descendants of the doughty old Commodore are an impulsive and passionate race. Be sure they won't let their guests go dirty. Like anything they will!

Sullivan is the man who once tried to explain clearly, in print, once and for all, who 's who in the vast Vanderbilt family, trust, or combine. He succeeded only in driving his readers crazy.

Dumb Friend

DO you ever ask yourself if your favourite tree is in good health or not? Do you ever feel its bark or listen to its breathing? It may be suffering mutely and acutely for all you know. The other day a sick tree, a large rare holm-oak in the quad of St. Mary's College at St. Andrew's was operated on by tree surgeons from Surrey. It had a badly damaged branch, and looked awful. The surgeons put the ailing branch in a sling of cables at once. Another tree in the same quad, said to have been planted by Mary Queen of Scots, had to have a grafting operation very like face-lifting.

Tree surgeons in this country—they go anywhere when summoned—do not advertise to any extent, British medical etiquette naturally forbidding. In America they advertise largely. We once saw a whole coloured-page "ad" in an American magazine showing a cheery head-surgeon stroking a fine big convalescent tree, while his assistants and anæsthetists sat on the upper branches and cheered. The dumb gratitude shown by the tree itself was touching. It seemed to be waving every tiny twig.

We 've been told by a tree surgeon that the percentage of scandals in the profession is negligible. Now and again a specialist may become sentimentally attached to a lovely silver birch or a handsome young copper beech while under his care, but the affair rarely gets beyond a platonic pat or two on the trunk.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I wouldn't have brought it back only my wife's a little bit nervous"

Films of the Day

Merle Oberon—Actress : By George Campbell

I FEEL a bit of a cad now, of course; but I used to have doubts about Merle Oberon. She was a beauty, all right; anybody with half an eye could see that. But was she an actress? Her Anne Boleyn in *Henry VIII.* seemed to indicate she might be. But then came Hollywood, the bizarre engagement to Joe Schenck, and one or two performances that might fairly be described as decorative rather than inspired. One perceived the usual tendency to play up the glamour stuff: exotic dresses, Oriental eyebrows, the Garbo mystery and so forth. Happily, she outlived it. In *The Dark Angel* she was content to be English and look it, even though she was born, like Errol Flynn, in that farthest corner of the Empire, Tasmania. In *We Three*, the acting honours inevitably went to the fiendish schoolgirl and her pathetic little victim, for it is a truism that practically any child can steal a scene from any grown-up. Still, if the picture did Miss Oberon no particular good, it certainly did her no harm. People were still content to wait and see what a girl with so much in her favour in the way of charm and looks would do if and when she got a chance to act.

NOW we have the answer. *Beloved Enemy* is not a bad test. Though nominally a melodrama of the Irish troubles in 1921, with the counterpart of Michael Collins by way of hero, there isn't half as much action as you 'd expect, and it is on the love story that the thing stands or falls. It stands; and for this Sam Goldwyn must thank Miss Oberon. Sound though Brian Aherne and the supporting players are, it is her gifts of beauty, grace and tenderness that give the picture what claims it possesses to distinction. Dorothy Parker said wickedly of another actress that she ran the emotional gamut from A to B. Admitting that Miss Oberon is not a Duse, and that *Beloved Enemy* demands pathos and endearing young charms rather than ability to act on the grand scale, she still achieves a range of at least A to K. Maybe, when she has lived longer and suffered more, we shall have her climbing into the red-blooded half of the emotional directory.

I have suggested that the hero of *Beloved Enemy* is modelled on the late Michael Collins. Collins's dash and daring, his amazing resource and hair-breadth escapes from Black-and-Tans—these are by no means exaggerated in the film; indeed, I imagine that for once fact was more exciting than fiction. The conflict of ideologies within the rebel ranks which provide the climax of the drama is also true enough, even to the fanatical hatred that sent a brave and brilliant man to his death at the hands of assassins, thereby proving once again that Ireland is no safe place for an Irish leader.

I NEVER thought I 'd see the day when Pola Negri made a come-back. But come back she does, in Willi Forst's *Mazurka*. Her first appearance is startling, almost dismaying. Her third-rate cabaret singer is plump, haggard and middle-aged. Later, when a trial for murder goes back twenty years, she is seen as she really is to-day—still no lightweight, but with traces of the heavy peasant beauty that made her famous when *Dubarry* was electrifying her fans fifteen years ago. Miss Negri first made her name as a dancer in the Imperial Russian Ballet in Czarist days, which dates her accurately enough. Later, when her film star was setting, she took up singing, and emerged, in *A Woman Commands*, as one of the first torch singers. In *Mazurka* she reveals a contralto voice of pleasing quality—often melodious and haunting, harsh and vibrant when it suits her purpose, and at all times in key with her strange, exotic personality.

AS an actress she has, I think, improved. The rolling eyes have been somewhat stabilised, the bosom no longer heaves with the passionate technique of yesteryear. The plot—that of a mother who kills to save her daughter from seduction—is one of the oldest known to melodrama. The fact that Willi Forst gets away with it is accounted for by his skill as a director. Miss Negri's sincerity, and the naïve charm of Ingabord Theek, a new discovery as odd as her name. Miss Theek is said to be seventeen. She has always been a great fan of Willi Forst's, and pursued him by letter, post-card and personal calls until the badgered man saw her, and was so impressed by her personality that he gave her the rôle of the girl infatuated with the libertine who betrayed her mother. (At least, that is what I am informed.)

I can think of no other actress so utterly natural, so exactly right for the part, and on second thoughts I believe it is she, even more than Mr. Forst or Miss Negri, who carries to success a film with the most revoltingly saccharine last sequence in all history.

Queen Mary, after making her first public appearance at the "Dreaming Lips" premiere last week, will attend to-morrow's opening of the new Gaumont cinema (the Capitol that was), when "The Great Barrier" will have its premiere in aid of the Safer Motherhood Appeal. The film's a British one of pioneer days in Canadian railway making, with Antoinette Cellier, Lilli Palmer (left), Richard Arlen and Barry Mackay (below)

To-morrow's Premiere: Lilli Palmer, Richard Arlen and Barry Mackay in "The Great Barrier"

Howard Coster, London

Norman Marshall—a Pioneer of Producers

Norman Marshall, the producer of *Because We Must*, at Wyndham's, was born in India in 1901, the son of a lieutenant-colonel in the Bengal Lancers. He came over here to go to Edinburgh Academy and then to Worcester College, Oxford; after that found his way into a touring company ("but decided I was not a very good actor"), then into journalism and publicity. When making a business call on Terence Gray of the Cambridge Festival, the latter persuaded him to take on the stage directorship, and later a resident producership. Marshall's first London production was a Stage Society show in '28. In '32 he took over the Festival solo, but it was at the Gate, whose direction he assumed in '34, that his most successful productions have first appeared: three of the most outstanding have been *Oscar Wilde*, now in America; *Victoria Regina*, also in America and due here for unbanned production on June 21st; and *Parnell*, which was moved to the New and ended its run last Saturday. The present show at the Gate is Jean-Jacques Bernard's *Invitation to a Voyage*, which Marshall managed to produce concurrently with *Because We Must*. The latter is by a new author, Ingaret Giffard, and has Vivien Leigh, Ann Casson, and Ann Firth as the heroines of its sexangular plot

Snow Action

And All in the Bernese Oberland

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

Half-past twelve and a fine day! Miss Vivian Dauntessy's noon inaction was dreamy with sunshine, well-used energy and a cold drink. She has been ski-ing at Scheidegg

Left: Lady Jean Mackintosh and her sister, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, are at Scheidegg. Lady Jean Mackintosh and her ski-expert husband, Christopher Mackintosh, have made up a big Scheidegg party at this time of year for the last season or two

Below: Scheidegg again; this time the sun-dazzling terrace where you eat an outdoor lunch and listen to a real band (instead of "canned" music) playing as they walk around the tables

and Inaction

Left: six-year-old John Fox has more skill and confidence in ski-action than a lot of his elders. But he is the son of Tom Fox, an eminent ski-er and Vice-President of the Down Hill Only Club. He was on the Wengen snow

Right: Grand Duke Vladimir and Grand Duchess Kyra, son and daughter of Grand Duke Kyril, have been at Mürren. The stickless ski-er with them is Mr. Andrew Senutovitch

Below: a bird's-eyeish view of the Palace rink at Wengen and the valley below

Dorothy Wilding

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth

Taken Together

These new portraits of the Kin
official sitting given since the
the first day when publicatio
they will become familiar all
seas, for the further the "ou
photographs of their Majesties r
the King wore his Admiral o
orders. The Queen wore a whi
her breath-takingly magnifice

The King and Queen

The New Official Photographs

Peter North

Buckingham Palace

nd Queen were taken at the first
ccession. Between now (to-day is
s permitted) and the Coronation
the Empire, and especially over-
st" the more enthusiastically are
ved and collected. For the sitting,
e Fleet's uniform, glittering with
ress, embroidered with gold beads,
pearls and a diamond tiara

Peter North

His Majesty King George VI

Miss Kari Colban

Miss Diana Guthrie

Miss Bettyne Lindsay Everard

Photographs by Pearl Freeman, Hay Wrightson, Lenare, Kay Vaughan, Bassano and A. V. Swaebe

***Kari Colban** is the daughter of Mr. Erik Colban, Norwegian Minister in London, and Mrs. Colban. She has returned to London, where she was born, after her education in Oslo, and her mother will entertain for her at their home at 10, Palace Gate. Her father has been Minister since 1934*

***Diana Guthrie** is Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie's only daughter; her father, who was made first baronet last year, provided the 'plane in which her brother Giles Guthrie recently won the Johannesburg air race with Captain Charles Scott*

***Bettyne Lindsay Everard** is the only daughter of Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P. for Melton Mowbray since 1924, and Mrs. Everard. Her mother will present her, and she is to have a dance at Claridge's in June*

Below: *Lady Rosemary Eliot*

***Lady Rosemary Eliot** is the elder daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and Lady Blanche Douglas; her mother is the Duke of Beaufort's sister, and lives at the Manor Farm, Sherston, Wilts., where this picture was taken. The Duchess of Beaufort is giving a dance for Lady Rosemary Eliot*

***Sheila Graham** is the daughter of the late Captain Miles Graham and Lady Evelyn Patrick, and step-daughter of Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P. for Tavistock. Her mother is a sister of Lord Lovelace, and lives at Warren's Cross, Tavistock, with a town house at 15, South Street*

Miss Sheila Graham

Miss Georgina Preston

Miss Georgina Wernher

Miss Alice Mary Best

Coronation Debutantes

Georgina Preston, *who will be presented by her mother, is Captain the Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Preston's daughter. Her father, who was twice wounded and got an M.C. in the war, is an uncle of the present Viscount Gormanston*

Georgina Wernher *is the elder of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's two daughters. Her father is Sir Derrick Wernher's brother and heir; her mother is Lady Milford Haven's sister, and a daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess de Torby*

Alice Mary Best *is the fifth of the Hon. James and Mrs. Best's six children, and the elder of their daughters. They live at Hincknowle, Melplash, Dorset; Mr. Best is Lord Wynford's youngest brother, and Mrs. Best is the late Sir Elliott Lees' daughter*

Miss Moyra Tuck

Moyra Tuck *is the younger daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Tuck, of Free Chase, Warninglid, Sussex. Her father is the second baronet, and a director of Raphael Tuck's the fine-art dealers. Her elder sister married Eric Bolton last year*

Below: *the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps*

Lelgarde Philipps *is Lord and Lady St. Davids' only daughter, and is to have a dance on May 18th. Her father, who is seventy-six, was made first Baron St. Davids in 1908, before he succeeded to his father's baronetcy, and Viscount St. Davids in 1918. Her mother is Baroness Strange of Knokin, Hungerford, and de Moleyns in her own right*

Miss Camilla Buxton

Camilla Buxton *is the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Richard Buxton, of Petygards Sporle, King's Lynn. She is seventeen, hunts with the West Norfolk, and is a cousin of Lady Kildare. She will have a dance in March*

"The Plainsman"

Gary Cooper Goes Riding in the Wild West, Under Cecil B. de Mille's Direction

Wild Bill Hickok, the Hero

The Wild West is right back in film favour again after its several years' "old-fashioned" eclipse, especially now that Gary Cooper has gone riding that way. In *The Plainsman* he goes West after the Civil War, gets captured by Indians, mixed up with gun-runners, in trouble with the military, and finally shot in a saloon. All the way Calamity Jane is somewhere nearby—a tough girl with a loving heart, played by Jean Arthur, who was Gary Cooper's partner in that film-of-the-year, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Cecil B. de Mille produced and directed *The Plainsman*, so you can count on thousands of galloping West Westerners and Red Indians and soldiers, and plenty of spectacular action. This film follows *The Charge of the Light Brigade* at the Carlton

Sketch by Clark Fay

"All right, Nicky, I'll tell you why not"

"Bystander" Short Story No. 75

The Little Baron : By Nancy Hale

THE little Baron had not come in yet. The party would begin at eight o'clock—or probably a great deal later, Karl thought with a dour grin as he swept the last traces of city grit from the minute terrace of the Baron's penthouse. He peered sourly over the parapet at the stone and steel spectacle of New York, ruddy in the late May afternoon. The New York folk came late, and noisily, and rudely, he reflected—threw their wraps at him to catch. There was not a skinny painted woman of them that was worth the littlest black hair on the wrist of the Baron. But the Baron—oh, no, he didn't think that. He was all goodness and ridiculous love for everybody, and if he wasn't careful (and he wouldn't be careful) one of these fine scented nobodies would grab him when he was kissing her hand and before you could say *ausgeschlossen* she would be the Baroness von Eggert. Ah, the little Baron; he was as innocent as a *dirndl*, and as sweet as a spring breeze, and as handsome as an archduke.

Karl made kissing sounds with his thin lips, and shook his yellow head bitterly. He went indoors to attend to other things. In the Baron's bedroom everything was just so; the velvet cover of the bed smooth, the deep black carpet spotless, the beautiful, beautiful furniture polished good and hard, so it shone. The bathroom—in order: the damask towels that the old Baroness had sent from Austria, the Baron's hair-lotion, face-lotion, cologne, his six pairs of scissors, his razor, his powder, where he would want them when he dashed in there to bathe; and four great handsome cakes of the very finest soap. The hall—neat as a pin. And the elegant little drawing-room was as clean as a piece of fresh-baked cake.

Karl wandered, as he loved to wander, in and out of the corners of that small drawing-room, pursing up his thin yellow face with arrogance and pride and touching things with his fingers to make sure that there was nowhere one grain of dust. The excellent little desk by the door, where lay in neat stacks the Baron's correspondence—all the letters on top were Austrian postmarked, addressed in sharp-pointed handwriting, as people should write. The comfortable sofa. The rack of German novels above the sofa, where one could reach up without disturbing oneself. The fabulous rug that came from far away, and was an inch deep in pile. The pretty little fireplace, above which hung the portraits of the old Baron and the old Baroness—persons to look at: the Baron with his deep eyes and fine beard, the Baroness with her beautiful long neck and the gay eyes and straight little nose of her son. Ah, her beautiful son! He would be far better off at home with the Baron and the Baroness, with the beautiful young Austrian ladies, not wasting his handsome face and his joy and his gaiety on these stupid beasts of Americans. Karl reached in a compartment of the desk for the atomizer of the little Baron's perfume, and sprayed it liberally into the air.

THE Americans had never smelled anything like that. They had never seen anything like this. They had never met anyone so glorious and so happy as the little Baron, and alas, they would get him, one of his women would marry him when he was not looking and fasten him to America with chains made of her millions. Rich, they were. Rich, and nothing at all else. Good God in Heaven, preserve Herr Baron von Eggert and protect him from the grasping American women!

Karl went into the tiny kitchen, where every bit of space was filled with the things that they would eat to-night. Such beautiful things to eat! It was not for nothing that Karl had grown up

(Continued on page 228)

The Little Baron

(*Continued from page 227*)

a scullery boy in the kitchens of a German princeling. Jellies, and pastries, and little strange sandwiches, and vegetables cut to look like flowers, and plates of little sweet things that would be made hot to eat with the cocktails, and then, the house made of chocolate by Karl himself, with eaves and windows and doors and chimneys made of white sugar. Inside would go ice-cream, and on top of the ice-cream a candle, that would shine out through the windows when Karl brought it in, in triumph. Where in America could food be seen like this? Ah, it was much too good, much too good, like everything of the little Baron's. No wonder he dined out most nights of the week, no wonder all the women telephoned to him all day long; they couldn't get enough of him, the Americans, because he was something better than they had ever dreamed of.

There came a crash of the front door and a shouting; it was the little Baron, and Karl ran to take his stick and put it away, bowing and grinning with adoration.

"My God, Karl, is everything all ready?" sang the Baron, laughing all over his beautiful brown face. There was no hat on his head, and his black hair shone and his blue eyes sparkled; he threw his head back and laughed out loud at Karl, clapping his hands together. "I feel so happy. Oh, my God, I feel so happy!"

"Yes, Herr Baron," Karl murmured, remembering to speak English as the little Baron wished. "Everything is ready, and so beautiful in the kitchen. Will you come and at the great cake only one look take?"

"No, no, I 'm too haaappy! I know it is all right, perfectly all right. Karl, what a country! Here it is so sweet, so funny. I don't wear any hat. My God, it 's spring! So in Wall Street they look at me and everybody thinks I am crazy, because I don't wear any hat I don't know anything about business! To understand the market, Karl, you must wear a hat and have a pain in your stomach. I have no pain in the stomach," said the little Baron, slapping it, and roaring with laughter. "I will never be an American business man. It is so sad. Where is my bath? My clothes, have you put them out? Quick, quick, Karl, pretty soon is the party!" sang the little Baron.

On his knees Karl took off the Baron's shoes while the Baron lay on his back and sang American dancing tunes. He helped him into his blue silk dressing-gown and watched him go into the bathroom, singing, waving his hand in time, laughing; Karl felt as if he would like to cry. The little Baron was so beautiful, with his strong body that he kept brown under the light of the sun-ray machine, with his glittering black hair and his gay blue eyes.

He had just time to do what must still be done in the kitchen before the bell rang. Straight and skinny in his American white coat, Karl opened the door to the group of people that pressed in, tossing little bright-coloured wraps and scarves and top-hats at him. They all rushed out on to the terrace, into the deepening twilight.

"Where is the Baron?" called one of the men over his shoulder.

"The Baron is dressing. It will be only a moment," Karl said, bowing as he had been taught and could not forget to do, although the Baron said he should not do it any more.

"Ah-ha!" cried one of the women. "The Baron is *dressing*. The Baron is making himself sweet!"

More rings came, and Karl let the other people in. The little Baron came out, so shining in his white mess-jacket, so black and red and beautiful.

"My God, Eleanörchen, Bet-ty, Gloria—it 's you! David, Bill, Bob, Alexander—how are you?" He held both hands out and laughed all over his face and went hurrying to them in the late dusk. Karl switched on the artificial moon above their heads on the terrace.

"My, you smell good, Nicky!" one of the women said. Karl heard her and sniffed. He hated the American women's dry, drawling voices.

The men were laughing.

"How 're you coming on that Montana business, Nicky?" one of them asked, lighting a cigarette and looking at the little Baron over the top of the match.

"Terrible! Terrible! Oh, that Montana business! Bob, I am so serious about that Montana business. I must talk to you—you can help me a great deal. We must have lunch and talk about it."

The man laughed, and then everyone else laughed, too.

"I couldn't get away to have lunch with you at the Ritz, Nicky."

"No! No! Downtown! We will have a serious business lunch."

"You 're turning into an American business man, Nicky," another of the women said.

"You think so? You really think so?" The little Baron's face was all laughter and delight. "I think so, too. I think I am very, *very* American; more all the time. I must do something about my papers. You knew I had taken out the first papers?"

Everyone laughed very hard.

"Honestly. Hon-estly. I am pr-r-r-actically an American business man. Only I have no hat and no stomach ache. I must find them, too!" The little Baron was almost dancing about; he was laughing at every word, and the artificial moon shone bright on his smooth black head.

The door-bell rang again, and this time Karl's heart sank heavy like dough into his shoes, for it was the young woman called Janet, the one the Baron telephoned to when he woke up every morning. She was so cold, and disdainful, and blonde; Karl took her cloak and bowed formally, indicating with his hand the way to the terrace. This is the one, he thought; this is the one who, perhaps, will snatch him; she thinks she will be the Baroness von Eggert, this white little nothing.

And when the little Baron saw her advancing he stopped laughing and talking, and Karl saw with a pain sharp in his heart how he came toward her, and how he kissed her hand very slowly, and how he said without laughing at all: "My God, Janet, you are so beautiful! Isn't she?" he said to the others, with an air of enchantment, and then he was laughing again.

Then they were all drinking the foamy little cocktails made of cream and gin and crême de cacao, and eating the beautiful little hot things Karl had made, and still they were laughing, laughing, as people always laughed when they were with the Baron. He laughed loudest of all, and out in the kitchen Karl could hear him laughing, and his big voice, as gay as a child's, crying, "My God! . . ."

Under the artificial moon they sat down to dinner. The American women pecked at the wonderful food, but the men ate it, and all of them talked about it, laughing and asking what things were, and making that stupid American exclamation that rose at the end to an incredulous whine—"Uuuaanh!"

At the end Karl brought out the chocolate house to the terrace, with the candle-light shining through the frosted windows; he smiled as he was supposed to smile at such a moment, but inside himself he was arrogant and contemptuous; eat it, you doltheads, he thought, you 've never seen anything like *this* before! There was a burst of laughter and little screams of amazement.

"Why, Nicky! I 've never seen anything like it outside of a caterer's window!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" the little Baron shouted. "My good Karl was the architect of this house. So we eat the dessert in Austria!"

Then he was on his feet, with his champagne-glass in his hand, smiling at them all out of his gay blue eyes, out of his happy brown face; he clicked his heels together under the table and lifted his glass high and smiled at them proudly.

"Gentlemen! We will drink a little toast to Miss Janet, who is so beautiful; who is so lovely! For her is the party to-night! Ladies and gentlemen, it is five weeks already that I have known Miss Janet, and never in my life, never in Vienna, never in Paris, not even of all the beautiful women of New York, have I seen anyone so beautiful or so lovely! She is, for me, the great wonderful American girl. Gentlemen, we will drink a little toast to her, please."

More laughter, and the men half-lifted themselves out of their chairs, like awkward sheep, like peasants, to drink the toast. The little Baron tipped his black head back and swallowed the champagne down in gulps that swelled his strong brown throat.

"Ah, my God, that 's good, that 's fine." He sat down again and looked from side to side of him at his guests, laughing from pure happiness and health and pride. He took Janet's one white hand with all the rings, that lay near to him on the tablecloth, and kissed it. Karl saw how he looked up at her with his blue eyes; with humility and adoration. It made Karl feel so sick that he had to hurry back to the kitchen. An American Baroness von Eggert! Ah, the little skinny thin-voiced nobody. Karl stood up by himself in the middle of the tiny kitchen and clicked his heels together, scowling; he thought of the Winterhalter portraits of dead Eggert Baronesses, hanging far, far away on old walls in Austria.

(*Concluded on page vi*)

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie—Scottish Wanderer

This portrait of Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie and her sheep-dog was taken just before she set off last month on a six-weeks' trip to the West Indies. She has gone with a fellow-Scot, Miss Helen Greg. Ever since she grew up (she is twenty-six this year) she has been a wanderer, with every year a new traveller's tale to tell, and no hackneyed tales either, for she travels light and without luxury—her cargo-boat trip from Liverpool to Beirut and on across the desert to Damascus three years ago was an example of that. Last summer she spent some time in the desert back of Algiers and Tunis. She is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Blunt-Mackenzie and the Countess of Cromartie, has two brothers, Viscount Tarbat who married an American girl, Dorothy Downing, of Kentucky, four years ago, and the Hon. Walter Blunt-Mackenzie. Turkovitch, the sheep-dog, was a last-birthday present

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

C. S. Forester Puts to Sea : By Alan Thomas

MR. C. S. FORESTER fights as good a fight by sea as he does on land. His latest novel, *The Happy Return* (Michael Joseph ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a worthy successor to *The General*. The picture this time is of a naval captain, one Horatio Hornblower, who, in the early days of last century, took His Britannic Majesty's frigate "Lydia" under secret orders to the Pacific coast of Central America. His mission was to help in the fomentation of a rebellion there against the Spanish monarchy, and for this purpose he makes contact with a fantastic figure styling himself El Supremo. It went against the grain with a man like Hornblower to have to put up with the whims and barbaric fancies of an insolent dago : but when duty called Hornblower knew how to answer. And later on, when El Supremo had by a turn of fortune's wheel become the enemy and Spain the friend, and the frigate had to face a ship of the line in single combat, Hornblower was not afraid. The description of the battle, I guarantee, will quicken even the most sluggish pulse—personally, after reading it I felt like going down to Trafalgar Square and laying a wreath at the foot of Nelson's Column.

But one enemy and one enemy only did Hornblower fear : it was our old friend "the man within." The captain's ambition was "to appear a strong, silent, capable man, unmoved by emotion." He wore the mask successfully—so much so that his men worshipped him and Lady Barbara Wellesley, whom he took on board as a passenger from fever-stricken Panama, did her best to seduce him. But Hornblower lacked the courage of his emotions : at heart he was a coward.

Mr. Forester is a born story-teller. And what is more, he takes real trouble with his books. There is nothing slovenly about them. He gets things right. In this book one of his main preoccupations is a naval engagement, and he gives the impression of never being more at home than when he is at sea. *The Happy Return* is an absorbing story. It was born last Thursday : I wish it many of them.

Howard Coster

C. S. Forester

Has written a new book, "The Happy Return," reviewed on this page. In it he turns his epic talent to the sea and the result is a kind of naval "The General"—the book that made his name and is still going into foreign editions

ANOTHER excellent novel is Miss Helen Ashton's *People in Cages* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The burden of it may be summed up in the Zoo keeper's reference to the animals : "People, that 's all they are, sir ; people in cages, and to my mind, tame at that. The wild ones comes in by the turnstiles." Yet the wild ones—we see a pretty average collection of them wandering round the Zoo on a hot July afternoon—also have cages : and however much they rattle the bars and growl, they cannot break loose. Civilisation has got them, so to speak, at every turn. The woman who has married the wrong man, the unsatisfied spinster, the mother whose tender care has ceased towards the child she bore, the explorer whose dream is of ice-packs but whose fate is a somewhat warmer passion, the financier who is "wanted" by the police—they are all caged in and all have their counterparts at Regent's Park. This is the theme—the parallelism between the lot of man and of caged beasts—on which Miss Ashton rings the changes. The whole book is a happy blend of humour, satire and pathos. I strongly recommend it.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN, with characteristic pleasantry, calls his reminiscences *The Unexpected Years* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*). They were unexpected because, you see, Mr. Housman had intended to die at the age of sixty-seven, which is his lucky number. On attaining that age, however, he found that he had "no definite reason for wishing to part from life" ("definite" is good) : he therefore employed the unexpected years between (he is now over seventy) in writing his autobiography. Of his life he says that "its first ten years were the happiest, its next ten the least happy ; after that, every decade has, so far as my personal experience is concerned, brought me increasing ease and contentment ; and it seems to me now that if in age one can retain one's health, age is the likeliest time for getting on good terms with one's self and one's neighbours." All the same, I can't help feeling, having read his memoir, that Mr. Housman—*pace* Bishop Berkeley—has never found time to grow old. He (Housman, not the Bishop) calls himself a romantic humanist : and when we read that a man of his poetic quality has had thirty-two plays banned, that he left his desk in order to take up arms for the Women's Suffrage Movement, that he was an early supporter of the League of Nations and that he is now an out-and-out pacifist, we may well agree that his battles have been fought on the side of the Angels rather than on that of the Ministers. Though he condemns much of the Victorian code, he has never ceased to be a Victorian—at all events in the sense that "beneath the shadow of her throne this saint had dwelt secure up to his thirty-fifth year." He now lives in Somerset, which "with its accompaniments, is as near Heaven as I am ever likely to get."

There are so many good things in this book that a reviewer is hard put to it not to fill his space with quotations. Some of the most delightful passages relate to his brother, A. E., with whom, despite rumours to the contrary, he was always on the best of terms.

"NOT WITH ME," by Marjorie Deans (Gollancz ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an acute study of an Anglican clergyman and his family. Dissatisfied with his religion and his life in general, this country parson goes on a Cook's tour to Egypt and returns a Catholic. His battle with conscience versus family is fortuitously resolved by his accidental death. But the book is no polemic on creeds. The younger generation, in and out of love, at office jobs, at school and college, are all written of with a quiet, unforced precision and a quick-wittedness that make this first novel a very real achievement. I shall look forward to Miss Deans' next.

THE Marchioness Townshend of Raynham chit-chats pleasantly about a good many things in general and her family in particular in her volume of reminiscences, *It Was—and It Wasn't* (John Long ; 18*s.*)—surely the year's worst title ! The book reveals her as a lady of energy and initiative—she was writing for the films in 1912—two qualities which were much needed in her successful fight to restore the Townshend fortunes.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

A coat and skirt is essential for the Spring, and now is the time to choose it, as Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing their advance collection of tailor-mades. Incidentally, suits ordered before February 20th will be made at special in-between season prices from 8½ guineas. The model leaning against the railings is wearing a charming tailored suit consisting of a black and yellow check coat in velours de laine, accompanied by a plain clerical black skirt with pleats in front. The coat is single-breasted and fits neatly round the hips. This suit can be made to order for 12½ guineas and is extremely smart for race meetings. In some cases the colour scheme is reversed, the coat being plain and the skirt checked, or again, both can be in a plain material but in two contrasting shades, as with a mustard coat and black skirt

Fashionable Hats of Infinite Charm

"Light, airy and gay" are suitable adjectives to describe the new Spring hats which may be seen at Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road. A becoming sailor is pictured above in lacquered straw with a square crown and pleated bandeau in green petersham. This grips the head and matches the jaunty bow, while the price is 49s. 6d. The turn-back brim is almost a halo, a characteristic feature in many of the new sailor shapes

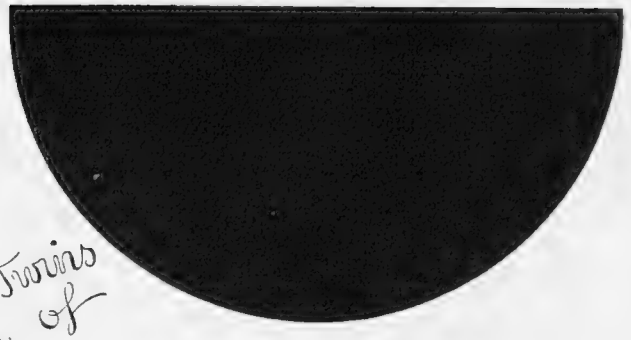
Coarse, lacquered straws are used for many of the new hats of a somewhat severe character, including the model above, which is particularly suited to a young face. The shape marks the return of the Breton sailor which gained such popularity some years ago. It has a shallow, rounded crown and turned-up brim with a double edge, faced with white petersham. A band of blue and white corded ribbon, shirred at intervals, encircles the crown and hangs in two fly-away ends at the back

Veils are a very fashionable trimming this season and appear in some form or other on many of the hats. Sometimes they are draped to give a cloudy effect, but more often they are embroidered with chenille dots or stiffened with mohair, and cover the face. A light, floating veil, delicately worked, lends charm to the model above in finely-stitched pedal straw which looks just like petersham. It costs 49s. 6d. and may be seen at Gorringe's, together with the other hats on this page

Dover Street Studios

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

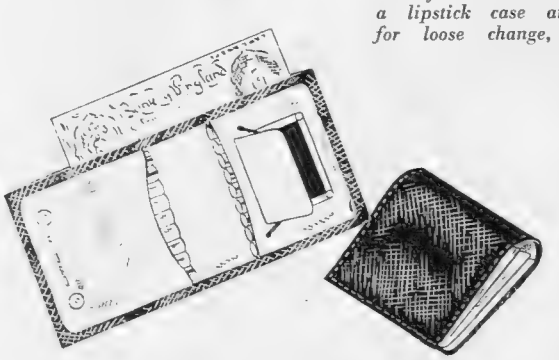
discovered by pete, pictured by pam.



A new type of electrically-run metal clock may be seen in the gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly. The time is recorded on numbered plates which change automatically as the minutes slip by. It is guaranteed for three years and costs three guineas

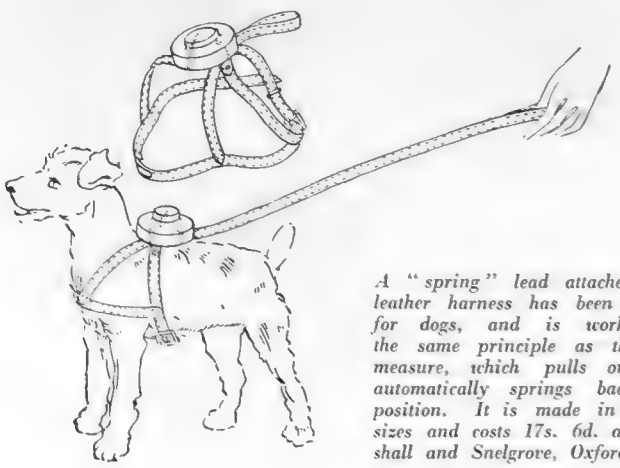
All the utensils necessary for mixing a cocktail are packed in the drink-maker sketched above. These include a metal ice-crusher, juice-extractor, and patent non-clog strainer. The shaker is made of glass, and the whole thing complete costs 37s. 6d. at Simpson's

Trouser braces are used for the sports belt above in silk-covered elastic with white leather tabs. It costs 12s. 6d., and may be seen in Simpson's gift department, together with the golfing belt on the left. This is in leather with a lipstick case and two purses for loose change, powder, etc.



This extremely practical leather wallet is specially designed by Edward Ward, 4-5, Burlington Arcade, to hold bank-notes, cigarettes and book-matches. It folds quite flat and is easy to carry, the price being 15s. in coloured morocco

Women who hunt will appreciate this bag and scarf in dark green fancy wool printed with foxes' heads. They cost 55s. the set, and may be seen at Ward's. A chromium horseshoe makes a decorative clasp on the handbag



A "spring" lead attached to a leather harness has been devised for dogs, and is worked on the same principle as the tape measure, which pulls out and automatically springs back into position. It is made in several sizes and costs 17s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Golf Clubs at Home

Tredegar Park, Newport

The Tredegar Park Golf Club, Newport, Monmouthsire, was originally known as the Ladyhill Club. It took over its present site in 1923, and a course was laid out over the "British Camp," a fine old fortress overlooking the Bristol Channel. This was, however, steep and strenuous golf and when the flat part of Tredegar Park became available the club took it over. This very suitable terrain on the old ebb river estuary was put into the hands of James Braid who described it as quite the finest proposition he had seen for five years. The result is a course with no blind holes but many natural hazards, on good silt; the greens incorporate the modern trend towards less expanse

(1) W. H. James and H. W. King (chairman)

(2) C. H. Faircloth (secretary) and H. de C. Tilney (captain)

(3) V. G. N. Jesseman (ex-chairman)

(4) Bryan Jones

(5) J. A. Crutchley

(6) A. J. Morris (committee)

(7) G. Gainey (professional) and J. J. Ashton

(8) A. W. James

(9) H. R. Williams

(10) R. T. Lewis

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Be Careful

In its County Championship (decided by stroke play) the English Golf Union intends to make three players play together, and by this means there is no doubt that the day's play will come to an end a little sooner than previously.

Although three players playing together is by no means uncommon in the United States of America, this method has been tried very seldom in Great Britain. It has been employed in the Cambridge University trial matches with great success; in fact, as these matches are usually played on a nine-hole course, it is difficult to accommodate the players by other means. The Guildford and District Golfing Alliance has for some time had a rule that competitors in its meetings shall be started in threes on any occasion the committee consider it desirable. So, although this method has been tried on very few occasions, it has certainly been given consideration.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy (5th Year)

Felixstowe, March 20—21, 1937

Conditions, arrangements and entry form on inside of back cover

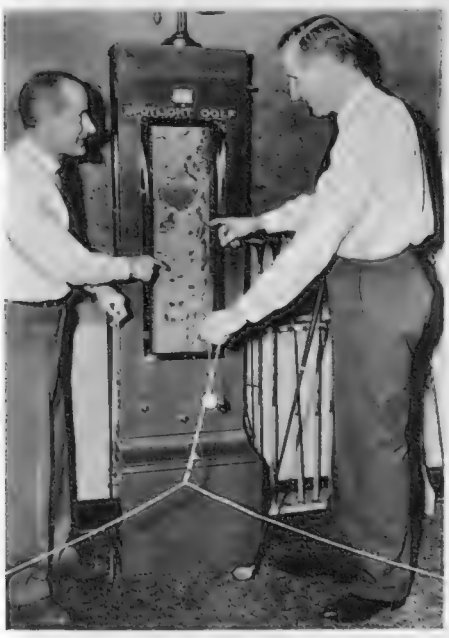
Anything to shorten the very long and rather dreary day's play in the County Championship will be welcomed by all who are concerned either directly or indirectly with it, and therefore the E.G.U. is to be congratulated on its experiment, which will, without doubt, be a success.

The E.G.U. will hasten play still further if it makes a rule that the first man to putt on each green must hole out before another player putts. If this rule is not made, there is bound to be a very considerable amount of time wasted in marking, lifting and replacing balls. I (and there are many who agree with me) would like to see this suggested rule receive the attention of the Rules of Golf Committee. In the Open Championship every year, a considerable amount of time is wasted by marking, lifting and replacing. It is by no means uncommon to see balls marked no less than three times on one green. The professional golfer appears loath to putt when it is not his turn to do so, and marks his ball even when it is only a few inches from the hole. I am sure that every golfer, whether he plays in the Open Championship or the monthly medal at a small club, would like the Rules of Golf Committee to give this matter its serious consideration.

There are some people, who because they have not studied carefully the present Rules, which came into force on January 1st, 1934, think that playing in threes is illegal. Before 1934, Rule 1 for stroke play laid down definitely that competitors should play in couples. The present rule, however, says that competitors shall play in couples unless otherwise sanctioned in exceptional circumstances by the committee, so the E.G.U. will not be breaking a rule of the game at Saunton. In 1922, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the entry for the King William the Fourth Medal was so large that by ordinary means it could not be played for conveniently in one day. The rule, as I have told you, said that competitors shall play in couples, and as it was only possible to get through the day's play if more than two players played together, the Committee found itself in a difficult position. Of course, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club could not for a moment consider breaking the rules; it got out of its difficulty by careful wording. Players were not instructed to play in fours; two couples were instructed to play together, a very subtle difference, which complied with the Law, although the actual result was exactly the same.

A lot can be done by careful wording, and a lot of trouble can be caused by careless wording. Some years ago, a certain golf club made a local rule saying that there was no permanent grass in its hazards. This was not by any means what was meant to be conveyed by the rule. The committee meant to lay down that the club could not be grounded when the ball was within the confines of a hazard, even if it lay on permanent grass. You can easily see what trouble the careless wording of this rule was likely to cause. One man found his ball lying on permanent grass in one of the hazards, and without a moment's hesitation grounded his club and played the shot. His opponent protested and said that he must claim the hole, arguing what the committee had tried so inadequately to convey, namely, that the club should not be grounded under these circumstances. The player, however, took another view, and a correct one according to the rule: he argued that as there was no question that his ball was lying on permanent grass, he could not be in a hazard, as the local rule said there was no permanent grass in the hazards. The committee, when this case was brought before it, most unjustly decided the player had lost the hole.

Many local rules are extremely vague and often ambiguous. The words "fairway" and "rough" often appear in local rules, in spite of the fact that they do not appear in the Rules of Golf. If these words are used, they must be defined and the definition of them is no easy matter; in fact, it is so difficult that the Rules of Golf Committee has carefully and very wisely made no attempt to do so.

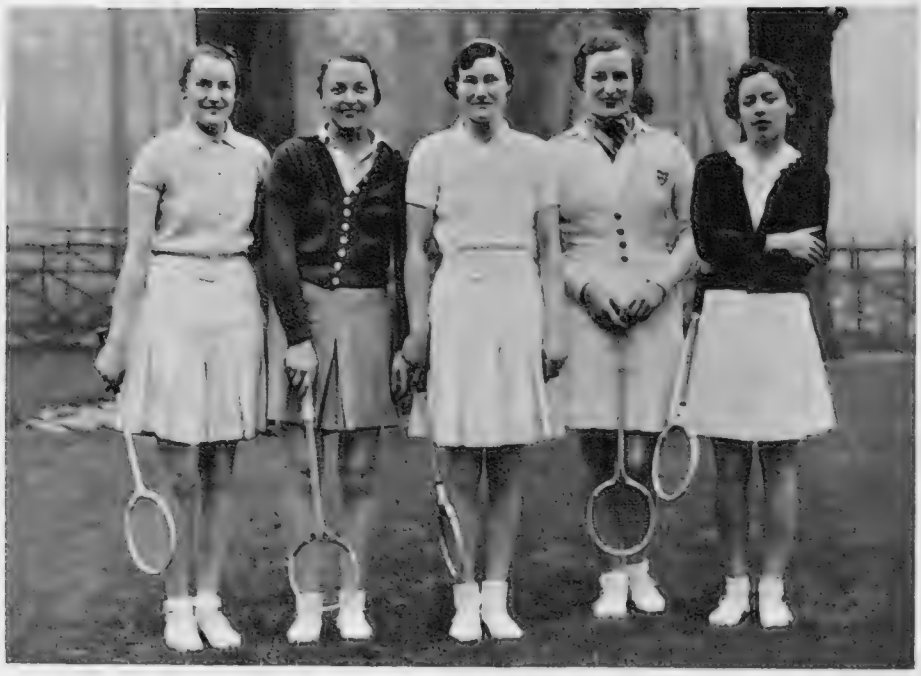


Indoor Golf in America

Jim Barnes, right, is the first spotlight golf champion in America—probably in the world. The tournament of this intriguing electric game was played in the Hotel Commodore, New York, and Barnes beat Jerry Travers (left) by three and one. The technique of this game was fully described by the "Bystander" golf correspondent some months back

Outdoor No-Golf in England

The Cambridge team arrived for their match against Sunningdale to find the course unplayable because of snow, despite the gallant attempt at starting by L. G. Crawley in this picture. In the background can be seen (left to right) Dale Bourn, J. W. D. Goodban, T. S. Winter and General Critchley; the dim figure on the far right, dressed for Ascot, is John Morrison. Crawley and Bourn have already given him their entries for the "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy at Felixstowe on March 20th and 21st (entry form inside the back cover of this issue)



Miss Phyllis Rounce, Mrs. Knight, Miss Sylvia Holroyd (captain), Miss Phyllis Grover and Miss J. Bishop played for the Wellesley Club, Croydon, the club which won in the South section of the Inter-County Cup competition. In the semi-final they were beaten by the North

Women's Squash

The Championship and Inter-County Cup

Left: Mrs. Barrett, who plays at the International Sportsmen's Club, has been chosen to play for England in the team that goes to America this month

The Yorkshire Rocks team won the Inter-County Club Cup for the North when they beat the West (Lansdowne Club, Bath) at Oxford, where the final match was played. The North team were Miss Phyllis Tew, Miss Marianne Toyne, Miss Kathleen Tew (captain), Miss Elizabeth Knox and Miss Molly Smeeton. The dachshund is the Rocks' mascot

Miss Nora Kelman beat Miss Berenice Lumb in the Women's Championship in spite of a recent broken ankle. She plays lawn tennis for Sussex, and is a squash international. Berenice Lumb is Margot Lumb's younger sister

Mrs. Ian McKechnie beat the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke in the Championship semi-final by 3 games to 1, reversing her defeat of last year. They are both going to play for England in America

Right: Miss Elizabeth Knox lost to Miss Margot Lumb in the semi-finals. Miss Lumb beat Mrs. McKechnie in the final, and played brilliantly throughout the Championship

1.22a

Swish —
Whoops —
Crash ! !
nursery slopes indeed ! . . .

after spending
half the morning
buried
in the snow
in
unbelievable attitudes . . .

a cigarette
is remarkably soothing
and it has
such
a comforting way
of reviving
your enthusiasm.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

The Season Has Begun

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE golfing season has begun. There has been a County Second Team match; there has been the L.G.U. dinner, and there has been the annual general meeting of that august body. What more do you wish?

Not that anybody can have exactly enjoyed the Second Team match; not even the four Surrey-ites or the three Kent-ites who won, for the day was the bitterest of a bitter trio, and the venue Walton Heath—which nobody pretends to find oppressively sheltered. How many pairs of various garments everybody wore was the chief item retailed to me afterwards, and no wonder. Since none of the players has so far been reported as down with pneumonia, I am hoping for the best, but it must have been the little bit extra some others didn't wear that alone saved them.

THE L.G.U. dinner at Grosvenor House was a feast of good speaking: a really cheery party. Personally, I felt a little dashed at learning that I had presented Sir Basil Eddis with considerably more years than he really possesses when writing of his giant-killing exploits at Worplesdon last year. I hate making a slip. Here and now I offer humble apologies, with every wish that he will go just as far when he eventually reaches the total that I wrongly attributed to him—on authority which appeared unimpeachable—as he did in 1936.

Lady Denman was in the chair, and, of course, she spoke delightfully—when does she do anything else? Nor is Mrs. Philip Hodson ever caught making a dull speech, and that night she was in specially good form. This was to be expected. So was the witty wisdom of Mr. G. D. Roberts, K.C., the measured humour of Mr. John Beck, and the courtly compliments of Sir Geoffrey Clarke. But it would have been permissible to forgive Miss Pam Barton if she had quailed at the business of speaking in front of what Mr. Beck called "The L.G.U. assembled in all its might," and after Mr. Roberts had admitted that "the name of the L.G.U. strikes fear into the bosom of the ordinary man and woman." But Mrs. Hodson had truly said "Nothing daunts Miss Barton," and encouraged perhaps by that and by further words of her ex-captain-manager about the tremendous honour she had brought to British golf, Miss Barton eventually gave up dropping her pencil and rose to make a delightful speech, and to pay a tribute to the L.G.U. which they must surely long remember. So often that body comes in for bricks, even in their bouquets, that they must doubly hug to themselves Miss Barton's tribute: "I do want to thank the L.G.U. for all they have done for me. I know I should never have got where I have if they hadn't sent me on their wonderful tours. I could never have gained the experience by staying at home."

At the Ladies' Golf Union Dinner

The L.G.U. dinner at Grosvenor House went off in the fine style that Miss Helme had anticipated on this page beforehand, with celebrities fifteen to the dozen and a cabaret by the Windmill Theatre company. Miss Pam Barton, back from Colombo, had G. A. Hill as her neighbour

The "Bystander" Cup Presentation

Miss D. R. Wooding (Kingsthorpe, Northampton) received the "Bystander" annual challenge cup for the year's best result of the monthly medal competitions from Mrs. A. E. Green captain of Kingsthorpe. Others are Mrs. A. G. Andrews, Mrs. H. W. Garrard, Mrs. B. Cheney, Miss A. Chapman, Mrs. W. Lees, Mrs. R. A. Winfield and Mrs. W. Swannell (runner-up)

THAT is the sort of thing to cheer up anybody—or any Body, and if the L.G.U. ever feels downhearted it can surely pat itself on the back and take courage with the comforting thought, "We produced Pam Barton, who won the British and American Championships in one year."

But perhaps they need no such gingering up of morale, for did not Lady Denman assure them that on looking round she saw many people with most intelligent faces and a look of great benevolence, and that those are members of Council and Handicap Managers?

THE Council scored again at the annual general meeting the next morning. The first part of the agenda went through at lightning speed, nobody raising so much as a query in answer to Lady Denman's "Does anybody wish to speak about this?" Then, all of a sudden, out of an apparently clear sky, arose a little cloud because the Council were putting forward a resolution which gave them power to appoint sub-committees, or standing committees, for specific purposes, composed of people who were not members of the Council. In this Mrs. McNair, Miss Huleatt, and Miss Lloyd Williams saw a grave menace to the constitution, a slur on the capabilities of the Council. But the councillors, and some three hundred other voters, present or by proxy, rose and downed them, certain that the Council will be the stronger, and not the weaker, for turning to experts when needed, and continuing to turn even after the allotted span of a councillor's life may have expired.

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes
Birkdale, April 13—16, 1937

Entry form will appear in next week's issue

THEN Miss Lloyd Williams and Miss Doris Clark threw down an impassioned challenge in defence of inserting of the word "amateur." Nobody took it up. The resolution was only the insertion of a word for formality's sake, regularising the Union's position. Nobody disputed it. Devon and Lancashire had gained a sweeping victory over opponents who refused to be baited.

No matter. The season has begun. Faites vos jeux, mesdames.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME

This England . . .

St. Cross, Winchester, where the weary traveller may still ask and receive a crust of bread and a sup of beer.

HOW easy it is in this England to step aside into some small pool of history, to be lapped awhile in the healing peace of a rich still-living past. For this people — more perhaps than any other — carries tradition and old usage into its daily life . . . in places as in habits, in great things as in small. Thus do you have an ale such as Worthington remaining unchanged through the centuries — because it is brewed in a manner so long ago found worthy of continuance.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Major "Fruity" Metcalfe

Went out to Austria recently as Equerry to the Duke of Windsor. He and his skis had just arrived at the top of the Kitzbühl railway

Mrs. Grace and Mr. Bracken

Were photographed at Davos where "Bill" Bracken starts his season. In February he goes on to Kitzbühl to do schoolmaster to an experts' class of ski-runners

Major L. B. Paget

Major Paget is the popular President of Mardens Club which has its headquarters at Klosters and organises a big series of races during the season

Winter Sports News Reel

Mürren: The Kandahar Club

KANDAHAR races in the last week in January included two handicap straight races on the Maulerhubel course, the first being won by Miss E. Henderson, with André Brandicourt, who was second in the Duke of Kent's Cup, second, and J. P. Wakefield, an aspirant for the British team, third. The second race was won by Miss S. Wilson from Viscountess Carlow and J. B. Martin.

The Bracken No-Fall Race was held on January 30th from Finel Shoulder to Short Kandahar Finish, and was run in a very light-hearted spirit with a geschmozzle start. The starters and time keepers decided to race, too, and out of the eight entries three got down without falling. The race was won by T. Jahard, with Miss Doreen Elliott second and Commander Jack Shirley third.

Klosters: Mardens Club

ON January 26th a no-fall race down the Dorftali was won by G. Van Keller, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson being second, and Miss de Cosson third out of an entry of ten.

On January 29th the annual team race between Davos and Klosters was held from the Weissfluhjoch to Conterser Schwendi, and resulted in a very close race, the combined time of the Davos team of four being only eight seconds less than the Klosters time. J. Chamier had the best time for Klosters—10 min. 3 sec.—and R. Eden the best time for Davos.

The same afternoon Mardens Club held the Orsini Cup on behalf of the Kandahar on the Graggerneck slalom hill in Klosters. The entry of ten included all the British Ladies' F.I.S. team. Miss de Cosson won in 66.2 sec., Miss Roe being second in 66.8 sec., and Miss B. Walter third in 69 sec.

Mardens Club annual winter dinner was held in the Silvretta Hotel on January 30th and was well attended, several members from Davos coming down for the night.

Villars

THE end of January saw two races run at Villars. On the 23rd was the English Cup, a relay race for teams of three, each team including a woman and a first-year beginner. Twelve teams entered; J. Putman, S. Fenydoon and Miss M. Steedman were first; Lady Blane, R. I. D. Tetley and B. Clapin were second; Miss Ethel Leverson, H. B. Phillpot and P. Johnson were third.

On the following Wednesday, H. Aschaftenburg won the Lendi Cup, with D. Bartlett and D. England coming in second and third.

Left: Miss Betty and Miss Primrose Harbord were the only women competitors in the Helen Kelly Cup race for boblets at St. Moritz. Betty Harbord won, with Sir Basil Tangye braking

Right: the Queen Mother and the King of Siam and his younger brother have been ski-ing this season at Arosa

In the group below are Lady Carlow, Tony English, Mrs. E. Keeling (whose husband is M.P. for Twickenham), Stuart Munroe, ex-Oxford ski-er, Miss Bridget Robertson, Miss Alex Stephen, Billy Worrell and Miss Di Crewdson

The Siamese Royal Family at Arosa

Lunch by the Palace Rink at Mürren

Your call

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

He Hopes for an Irish Defeat on Saturday

WELL, next Saturday we should see a rattling good game of Rugby football. England and Ireland are the protagonists. Twickenham is the scene. And if those green jerseys do not threaten time and again to swamp England out of existence, I shall be very much surprised.

Mind you, this must not be interpreted as predicting an Irish victory. My own view is that England, a solid and perhaps unduly stolid team, should win after a number of Irish alarums and excursions.

THE selection committees of both countries have been unexpectedly cautious and conservative, but these are good faults, if faults they be at all. Selectors have a way of panicing needlessly, though it is easy enough to sympathise with them. They have responsibilities. Critics assail them from every quarter. No wonder, perhaps, that they try desperate remedies. The Welsh selectors, for example, went berserk after the English match, and threw out such players as V. G. J. Jenkins, Claude Davey, and W. T. H. Davies. Sheer panic, to my mind, and how any selectors could leave out Jenkins in particular, passes my comprehension. It is just one of those mysteries which make us wonder unhappily what would happen to us if we suddenly had to pick teams for our country.

NOW what about the teams for next Saturday's shemozzle? The Irishmen have stuck mainly to the old favourites, and informed Irish opinion, I gather, is none too optimistic. The backs, with one exception, are the same rascals—the term is used in the Pickwickian sense—who clipped the wings of England's chosen last winter in Dublin. A bad match that was—poor, negative stuff—and the Irish backs did lie up off-side rather too much, whatever any fervently patriotic Irish reader may say to the contrary. I hope they will have discarded this decidedly naughty habit. Perhaps the austerity of Twickenham will curb their exuberance.

The one new player behind the scrummage is Cromey, a diminutive stand-off half who has made a considerable name for his tiny self. This pocket player is said to be fast, tricky, and given to diving under tackles in the most disconcerting manner, so he should have entertainment value right enough.

THE Irish forwards are the same old rip-snorting filibusters, spoiling for a scrap, grand, roaring players, and they may well remind us that the English pack had nothing to beat against Wales.

This is a point to remember. It will not do to be complacent about the English forwards just because they did their stuff against eight Welshmen who evidently had no intention of scrummaging. J. Dicks comes into the back row, instead of the injured D. L. K. Milman, and a fine player he is. But I wish the selectors had taken the opportunity of putting C. D. Laborde in, for we do most desperately need a leader. I can visualise moments when the English forwards will be battered and hammered mercilessly, moments when a little real leadership would be invaluable.

AS for the backs, what did you expect? I know a great many people hoped that the selectors would pick more aggressive mid-field players, and I'm not convinced that T. A. Kemp, P. Cranmer and P. Candler form the best available attacking triangle. It may be that F. J. Reynolds at stand-off half—this is a player to watch, by the way—and B. E. Nicholson and R. Leyland in the centre would have given us more thrust and initiative.

And there are other combinations worth trying. Even so, I see the selectors' point of view, and I think they would argue that since Kemp, Candler and Cranmer had no chances against the Welsh spoilers, they should be given another crack at it. And why not? They are all good players, and they will not let us down, I am sure of that. They may prove to be very much better players than their critics imagine, and would you suggest, anyway, that the Nicholsons and Leylands are demonstrably their superiors? No—my sympathy is with the old firm. Give the boys a good hand, and may they smite old Ireland hip and thigh. I put that in as evidence of my impartiality, and I hope it keeps fine for us!

Football: English Style and American

Falling on the Men: A Fullback Rush

Rugby football in England is regarded by some as tough, but it is as mild as rum-ration day in the Navy compared to the American game, where two heavily armed and padded teams are accompanied to the field by numerous reserves and ambulances. The finer points of football in the U.S. are lost to most Englishmen, who only know that it consists of a series of attempted rushes forward in which strange code numbers, concealment of the ball and general obstruction are prevalent. The caption supplied to the picture above, starts: "Fullback of the Rams shown making an 8-yard gain on a cross buck for a first down . . ." Left is a scene from the first inter-hospital game, when St. Thomas' beat Middlesex by a point

Falling on the Ball: A Forward Rush

When pressed to speak, *the best syphons say . . .*

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Trans-Atlantic Air Plans

By Charles Ward

All set for the flight to the Cape. David Llewellyn with his wife at Croydon, before an attempt on the record to South Africa and back. Luggage is a simple matter—just an Irvin, a topee and some hot coffee

Over the Water

THIS year the Atlantic will be the scene of many crossings by air, as the time has come for the attempt by several nations to capture first place with a commercial route. Besides ourselves and the Americans, France, Germany, Italy, and Holland have paid some attention to the possibilities. Each has a plan and in the case of France and Germany, considerable experience on which to base it, gained mostly over the more friendly waters of the South Atlantic. There is little doubt that the Empire flying-boats could tackle the crossing successfully, but the amount of pay-load would be small, owing to the need for a heavy load of fuel. The Mayo seaplane, to be launched from the back of a flying-boat, is the most promising type to date, if we ignore for the moment refuelling in the air—an art which is being brought rapidly to perfection at Sir Alan Cobham's aerodrome at Ford. The Mayo will have a range of 3500 miles non-stop, using no more than 1360 horse-power, and its load may be as great as 4000 lb. of mail. At a later stage, a landplane is to be built for launching in a similar manner, still using a flying-boat as the mother-bird because much greater runs for a take-off are available at sea or on rivers than at any existing aerodrome. Such a landplane would have a retractile undercarriage, and the increased efficiency would put up the range to 5000 miles or alternately, enable the load to be as much as three tons of mail. There is no intention to carry passengers until the route has been well surveyed and a few years' experience gained under all weather conditions.

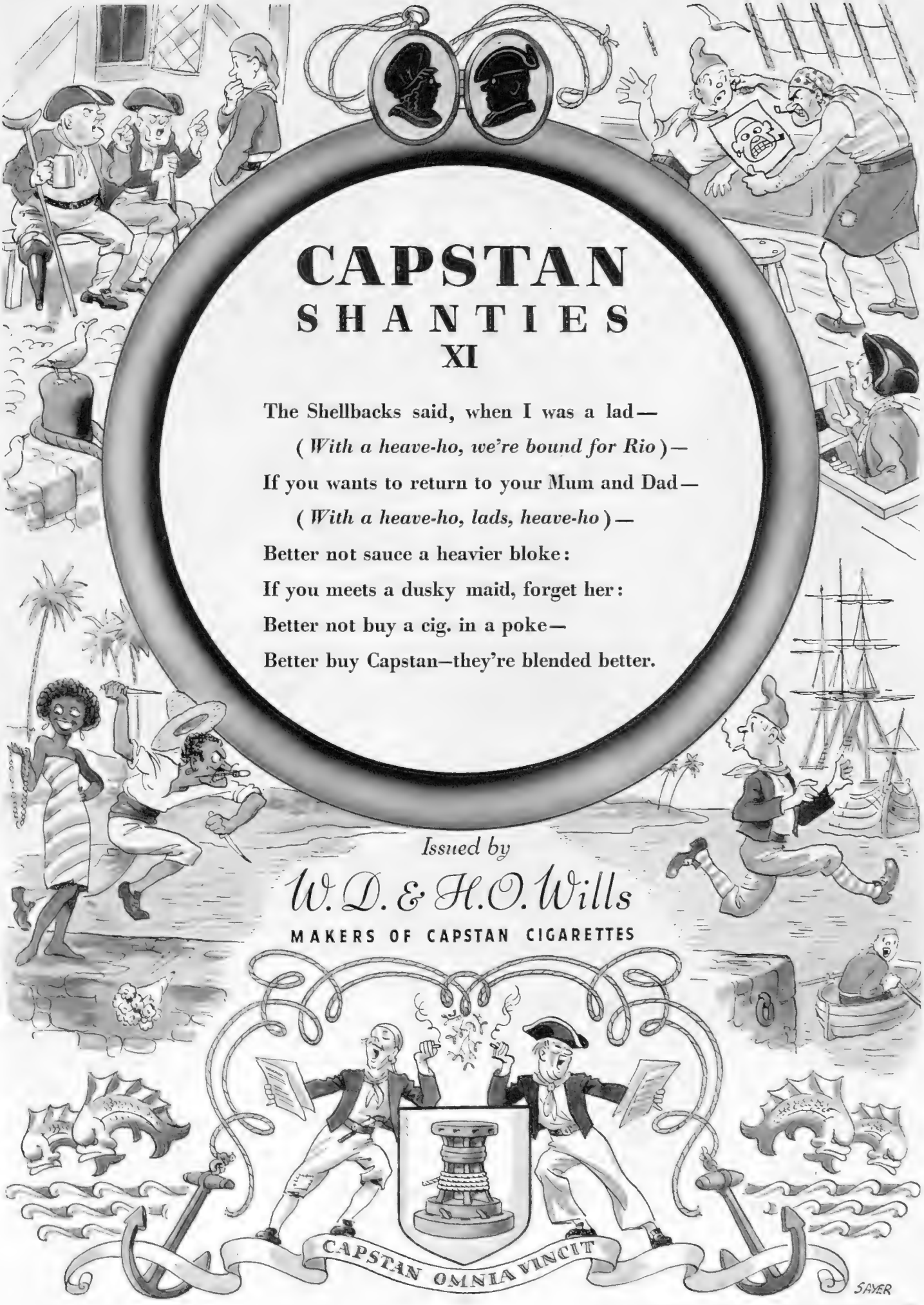
New York to Paris

SIDE by side with the schemes for regular operation to America, organisers are busy on both sides of the Atlantic, preparing for the race from New York to Paris. With a first prize of £15,000, a second of £10,000, and a third of £5000, there is sufficient money to make a gamble worth while. Exactly why the French Government should put up such a large sum to commemorate the first solo crossing by Charles Lindbergh ten years ago, is not clear, for the race is international and all the prizes may be won by foreigners. At the moment, however, there are three official French entries and only one other, which is British. Entries close on May 1st, and the Atlantic must be flown during the month of August, so that it is not a race in the sense that machines start at half-minute intervals or all together. Lindbergh averaged no more than 110 miles an hour in his Ryan monoplane, taking 33½ hours for the non-stop journey. First prize in the race naturally assumes better time, but the second and third prizes go to those who put up best times under 48 hours. The winner should average something like 200 miles an hour with the prevailing westerly wind to help him. In August there are fourteen hours of daylight, so that a crossing entirely in sunshine is not out of the question. French entries include a Marcel Bloch with four Hispaño-Suiza engines; a novelty Makhonine with retractile wing-tips, and an Amiot, designed as a mailplane and shown in Paris last year. Floyd Bennett Airport in New York and Le Bourget, Paris, are the terminals, with corresponding stretches of water for any seaplane entries. Only aircraft with more than one engine may compete, and wireless must be installed. The C. of A. is waived so that overloading to fly the journey non-stop can be arranged. This may enable a freak entry of no commercial value to win the first prize, there being no handicaps of any description.

Charles Lindbergh at Reading, with F. G. Miles and his wife, who together designed the Lindbergh's "Mohawk" in which they are visiting Egypt. Mrs. Miles is a daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson

British Entries

THE only entry made for Great Britain is a "Clyde Clipper," to be built by Scottish Aircraft and Engineering. This is essentially a Burnelli, an American type for which the licence has been obtained over here. It has in effect a twin fuselage, the under-surfaces of which give lift, and therefore it approaches the ideal of a flying wing. Two Rolls-Royce "Kestrel" engines are to be fitted, giving the aircraft a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour at reasonable power output. Wing-loading is little higher than that of the standard "Douglas" air liner in use on the Continent and in America every day. But for the fact that too little time is allowed for construction and trials, this entry might stand an excellent chance. De Havillands designed and built the "Comet" to win the Australian race in nine months. In the present case the design is ready, but the makers are not regular builders of aircraft, though they are engineers of standing. It will be interesting to see whether such a firm can transform blue prints into something airworthy during six months. W. S. Shackleton, a competent designer, is on the board. Another possibility for the race is the "Comet" used by Scott and Black to win the MacRobertson Trophy. It has been bought by Laurence Lipton, an owner-pilot of many years' experience. He proposes to enter with his fifteen-year-old son as mate. The boy started to fly at the age of eleven, and has been in the air for more than 400 hours as a companion to his father, this flying time including several races. Rules allow solo flight if the pilot has a wireless licence—otherwise an operator must be carried. Lipton Jun., presumably, is training as an operator and will also be in charge of the hot coffee and sandwiches.



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Modern Beauty

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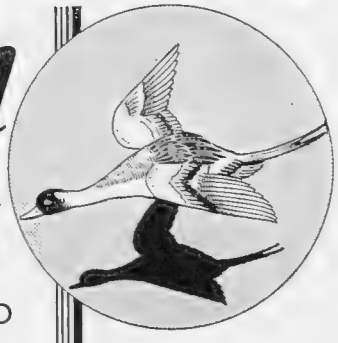

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The Little Baron

(Continued from page 228)

The table was cleared away and a man arrived with an accordion. He stood, leaning back into a corner of the terrace, playing the dancing tunes, and the little Baron and his guests danced. Karl could see the light-coloured dresses flick by under the artificial moonlight, through the windows, as he hurried about inside tidying the rooms. The terrace ran around two sides of the Baron's apartment, one long side and one short side by his bedroom. In all the corners were low, soft chairs where people could sit down when the music stopped.

THE time, the evening, went on past midnight, and they were still dancing. Karl's face grew yellower and sourer; the music swelled and grew sweet and persuading, and all the voices outside laughed and laughed. Karl took off the velvet cover of the Baron's bed and laid out the Baron's beautiful blue silk pyjamas; underneath he put the velvet slippers. He wound up the little clock and filled the decanter with water. He wished the Baron would go to bed and sleep. The Americans stayed up all night because they were not beautiful, because their bodies were nothing, because they never saw the sun.

He heard the Baron's voice two feet away from him on the other side of the window. The most sickening pain took hold of Karl's heart, because of the way the Baron sounded. He stood quite still, to be able to catch every word his Baron said.

"My Janet, *liebchen*, listen now because it is so terribly important. I love you, darling, I love you so much! You are beautiful and lovely and you have hair like gold that I want to stroke so softly with my hand, Janet. Stop laughing only a minute, Janet-chen, and listen to me. I want to marry you, *liebling*, I want to have you so very close to me and take care of you and kiss you on your sweet hair. My God, Janet, tell me quickly, will you marry Nicky who loves you?"

The thin, delicate voice laughed and laughed.

"Oh, Nicky! You 're so funny!"

"You always are laughing at me, *liebchen*. Am I always so funny? I don't mind that I am funny: it is good, isn't it? We will be funny together; we will laugh together."

The little Baron's laugh came swelling loud and gay through the window. It stopped sharply, and so did the woman's laugh.

"Nicky! Please leave me alone! I didn't say you could kiss me!"

"But if I marry you, I kiss you, dar-r-ling."

"Nicky, will you make some sense? How can you think I 'd marry you, now really?"

"But I am not so terribly bad. I have played with the pretty girls, certainly, yes, but I am not a devil. I am not American rich, but I am not poor, and quickly I make much more money downtown. Janet, don't play games with me: I ask you to tell me quick you will marry me."

"All right, Nicky, I 'll tell you why not. Do you suppose I could marry anyone as ridiculous as you are? Why—you use *perfume*! Oh, for Heaven's sake, I like you all right! But those horrible sweet cocktails, and all that fussy food, and that preposterous caterer's house. And—oh, Nicky, you 're not a man, don't you see? Your clothes are so silly, and you don't wear any hat, right in the city, and you sing out loud right on the street, and this apartment, so—peculiar, and smelling of perfume. Oh, I don't want to hurt your feelings. Only you 're so dumb, to think I could marry anyone like you! Why, Nicky, of course, everyone likes you: there 's nothing bad about you, but you 're a joke. Don't you see? A joke! Everyone I know laughs at you. Do you suppose I want them to laugh at me?"

There was not a sound out in that corner of the terrace for a moment. Then the little Baron's voice said, "Oh!"

Karl walked silently away from the window, and went out into his kitchen. He began to wash up the enormous pile of plates that was stacked by the sink. Slowly over his yellow face a wry sort of smile began to move—to enlarge.

The little Baron was not going to marry the American girl. The poor, the dear little Baron was unhappy now, and puzzled, but he was not going to marry the American girl. He might even now go back to Austria. Karl began to whistle through his teeth. Ah, what a fool the American girl was! How delightful that she was a fool!

For Karl knew to the bottom of his being that there was nothing funny about the little Baron.

THE END.

"Bystander" Women's Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

January Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. Davies	North Hants	87	18	69	73	4 below
Miss J. Priest	Huddersfield	87	11	76	77	1 "
Miss G. J. Hodgkinson	Wolstanton	85	13	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Semmence	North Hants	87	15	72	73	1 "
Mrs. J. B. R. Harvey	Calcutta (New)	90	18	72	73	1 "
Mrs. C. Edmeston	Worsley	80	5	75	74	1 above
Mrs. Raymond Cooper	Mere	87	11	76	75	1 "
Miss Nancy Cook	Caernarvonshire	83	11	76	74	2 "
Miss D. Evans	Worsley	88	12	76	74	2 "
Mrs. A. Wainwright	Worsley	92	16	76	74	2 "
Mrs. A. J. Lawrence	Sandwell Park	91	15	76	73	3 "
Mrs. E. Mercer	Ashburnham	94	17	77	74	3 "
Mrs. W. Swannell	Northampton	85	6	79	75	4 "
Mrs. W. W. Burton	Mere	86	7	79	75	4 "
Miss K. Batty	Cleveland	90	12	78	74	4 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. F. H. Wallace	Belton Park	98	36	62	73	11 below
Miss F. Nixon	Cleveland	98	34	64	74	10 "
Mrs. D. P. Milne	Barrackpore	86	21	65	73	8 "
Miss N. Summersgill	Horsforth	96	22	74	75	1 "
Mrs. Adams	Datchet	107	34	73	74	1 "
Mrs. I. M. Brown	Mere	110	36	74	75	1 "
Mrs. W. E. Evans	Mere	98	23	75	75	all square
Mrs. C. Marshall	Worsley	96	20	76	74	2 above
Mrs. M. Glover	Sandwell Park	98	23	75	73	2 "

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or below S.S.
Mrs. A. McFarlane	Northampton	98	19	79	75	4 above
Mrs. Nicholson	Shirley Park	114	36	78	73	5 "
Mrs. Williams	North Hants	98	19	79	73	6 "
Miss Mackenzie	North Hants	98	19	79	73	6 "
Mrs. Ward	West Bradford	96	19	77	71	6 "
Mrs. F. Sellars	Bloxwich	103	24	79	73	6 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Cicely Pole Fletcher

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Houghton, of the Pantiles, West Byfleet, Surrey, and is engaged to Courtenay William Symington, eldest son of the late William Symington and Mrs. Symington, of The Spinney, Seal, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Jean Mowat

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mowat, of Ranskill, near Doncaster; she is engaged to David Edward Dixon, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dixon, of Redsock Priory, Blyth, near Worksop, Notts.

Fayer of Vienna

Wendy Benjamin

Is the only daughter of the late Alec Benjamin and Mrs. Benjamin, of 19, Alvanley Gardens, N.W.6, and is engaged to Samuel Salmon, elder son of Sir Isidore and Lady Salmon, of 51, Mount Street

Studio Nash, Calcutta

Adrienne Ker

Adrienne Ann Mary Veronica Carmel Ker, younger daughter of Captain Allan Ker, V.C., and Mrs. Ker, of Edinburgh and Calcutta, is engaged to John Linnell, second son of the late W. H. Linnell and Mrs. Linnell, of Claygate, Surrey

Lenare

Monica Tindal Atkinson

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Tindal Atkinson, of 2, Upper Wimpole Street, and Sawbridgeworth, Herts., and is engaged to Arthur John Watney, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Watney, of Northlands, Epping

Catherine Bell

Gladys Turton Hart

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hart, of New Hextalls, Bletchingley, Surrey; she is engaged to Richard Hughes Mathias, only son of Sir Richard and Lady Mathias, of Vaendre Hall, St. Mellons, Mon.

Pearl Freeman

Ann Eliott Fennell

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Fennell, of Eliottswood, Fleet, Hants., and is engaged to Mr. G. F. McKay, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McKay, of Roseland, Dumfries, Scotland

Chas. H. Farmer

Ray Owen

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Owen, of Ochiltree, Bridgend, Glam., and is engaged to Capt. Power Liddesdale Palmer, Prince of Wales Volunteers, youngest son of the Rev. T. and the late Mrs. Liddesdale Palmer, of Angmering Rectory, Sussex

Catherine Bell

Marcelle Mitchell

Is the younger daughter of the late A. Hillyard Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of Sidcup, Kent, and is engaged to Rowland de Putron Gauvain, younger son of the late H. de P. Gauvain, of Alderney, and Mrs. Gauvain, of Sidcup

Catherine Bell

Margot Wortham

Is the younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. C. Wortham, of 19, Hereford Square, S.W.7, and The Red House, Fleet, Hants.; she is engaged to George Douglas Renny, K.O.S.B., only son of the late Lt.-Col. G. S. Renny and Mrs. Renny, of Whinrood, Fleet

Catherine Bell

Alex McOstrich

Is the well-known tennis player, the daughter of the late Alexander McOstrich and Mrs. McOstrich, of 9, Gliddon Road, W.14; she is engaged to Roy Douglas McKelvie, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. McKelvie, of Blofield, Norwich

Bassano

Jean Sanday

Is the elder daughter of the late G. P. Sanday and Mrs. Sanday, of Overton, Flintshire, and has announced her engagement to Arnold Cyril Bryce-Smith, of Preston Montford Hall, Shrewsbury

Kay Vaughan

Mollie Dixson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dixson, of Nonsuch Close, South Park, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., and is engaged to John Aitken, of The High Range, Travancore, Southern India, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, of Bournemouth

Myfanwy Southern

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Southern, of Greenacres, Disley, Cheshire; she has announced her engagement to Mr. R. F. Armitage, only son of the late J. B. Armitage and Mrs. Armitage, of Northlea, Bowdon, Cheshire

Yevonde

Nancy Niven Lauder

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Lauder, of Bowden Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire; she is engaged to Andrew Denis McNab, only son of the late Andrew McNab and Mrs. McNab, of Midton House, Howwood, Renfrewshire

Stuart Hamilton

Anne Tucker McGuire

Is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of Winchester, Virginia, U.S.A.; she is engaged, and will be married at her home town, to Thomas Booth, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. T. M. Booth, of Hove

Beecham — Cairn

Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham's younger son, Thomas Welles Beecham, married Mozelle Cairn at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Edward Cairn and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache, of 156, Castelnau, S.W.

Richards — Campbell

Mordaunt Richards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Richards, of 53, Campden Hill Square, W.8, and Janet Campbell, only daughter of the late Alexander Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, of Keepers, Dunsfold, Godalming, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Cowley — Heaton

Francis Russell Cowley, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. John Cowley, of Three Oaks, Courtenay Avenue, Highgate, married Ursula Margaret Heaton at Tamerton Folliott. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. David Heaton, of Brookfield, Crownhill, Plymouth

Catherine Bell

Gosling — Soames

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Michael Spencer Gosling, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gosling, of The Moat, Pebmarsh, Essex, married Rachel Soames, only child of the late Harold Martin Soames and Mrs. Soames, of Stella's Cottage, Moor Park, Farnham

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of January 13th, beneath the photograph of Miss Nadia Bell, we gave the address of her parents as No. 7, Oakwood Court. This is incorrect, as 7, Oakwood Court is the address of Mr. and Mrs. T. Parlington-Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Bell live at 70, Oakwood Court.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 10 — February 16

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BECAUSE WE MUST.—Vivien Leigh, Alan Napier, Ann Casson, Ann Firth in this country comedy: Wyndham's, 8.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Olivier's splendid active Prince; the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ORCHARD WALLS.—Empty plot and characterisation are made best of by Valerie Taylor, Arthur Sinclair and Irene Vanbrugh: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

UNCLE VANYA.—Chekhov returns to the Westminster Theatre, with Cecil Trouncer (of course) as the doctor, Harcourt Williams as Vanya, Alexis France as Sonya: 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL FOR LAUGHTER.—Robitschek's new all-in-one show: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

ON YOUR TOES.—Musical comedy with Jack Whiting, Gina Malo and Olive Blakeney: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 88.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove, and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy head the cast in Charles Landstone's comedy: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Involves a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

Virginia Martin and Bob Robinson

A clever couple of young dancers, this: they were seen in two of Bobby Howes' Hippodrome shows, "Please, Teacher" and "Certainly, Sir," and have since been fulfilling cabaret engagements. Their graceful, swaying style is good for both appetiser and digestive during supper

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 8. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

First Nights

CANDIDA.—Ann Harding in the name part of this Shaw revival, with Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Stephen Haggard; Irene Hentschel's production: Globe, to-night, 10th.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans in her Old Vic part of Rosalind comes west: New, Thurs., 11th.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Alec Clunes, C. M. Hallard and Lesley Wareing in a revival of Holfcroft's 1792 play: Ambassadors', Thurs., 11th.

SUSPECT.—Mary Morris, a new American actress, leads in this crook play without crooks: St. Martin's, Tues., 16th.

CINEMAS

BELOVED ENEMY (British).—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in a post-war Irish story not up to *The Informer* standard: Leicester Square.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Emotional high-jinks by Bergner with Massey as the temperamentvoll violinist and Romney Brent as the husband: London Pavilion.

THE GREAT BARRIER (British).—Richard Arlen pushes a railway through the Rockies and saves Antoinette Cellier's life, despite murderous riots and Lilli Palmer's very decided charms: Gaumont.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Horbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAZURKA (Austrian).—Pola Negri's new film, directed by Forst, with a coming star, Ingaborg Theek; well up to Forst standard: Curzon.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Basil Rathbone and Ann Harding's well-acted thriller moves to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

O.H.M.S. (British).—Wallace Ford, John Mills and Anna Lee lead in a story with Chinese bandits and the British Army as a background: Tivoli.

THE PLAINSMAN (American).—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur together again in de Mille's big frontier saga of pioneer days: Plaza.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS (American).—Sean O'Casey adapted this Easter Rebellion play, which has Abbey Theatre players, Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster as dram. pers.: Regal.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Revival of Thalberg's last picture with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer as the lovers should be seen: the most successful screen Shakespeare to date: Empire.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE (American).—Frank McHugh plays Brent's stage part of Oiwin in an excellent rendering of this very funny comedy: New Gallery.

Premiere

HEAD OVER HEELS (British).—Lady Charles Montagu is president of the premiere in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children; film is Jessie Matthew's newest musical: Grosvenor House, Thurs., 11th.

(*Continued on page* E)

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What's On *(Continued from page D)*

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MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Thurs., 11th, 8

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Fri., 12th, 8.

BORIS GODOUNOV.—Sat., 13th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CASSE-NOISETTE, JOB.—Sat., 13th, 2.30.

CARNAVAL, LES PATINEURS, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—Tues., 16th, 8.30.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Recital by the American dancer-diseuse.—Mercury, Mon., 15th, 8.45.

BALLET RAMBERT.—Three weeks' season under Marie Rambert's direction at the Duchess, 8.40.

MUSIC

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—And the Philharmonic Choir; Wood conducts, Rubinstein is soloist in Ireland's piano concerto, Isobel Baillie, Parry Jones and Harold Williams join him in Rachmaninov's "The Bells": Queen's Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.15.

ST. MATTHEW PASSION (Bach).—Sargent conducts the Royal Choral Society, with six soloists: Albert Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.

L.P.O.—And the Huddersfield choral Society; Sargent conducts, in William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" and Mozart's Mass in C minor: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 11th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 14th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL SUNDAY CONCERT.—Wood conducts; Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries, Beethoven's Leonora Overture No. 2, Sibelius' second symphony: Sunday, 14th, 3.30.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Reginald Jacques conducts them and the L.P.O. in Verdi's Requiem and Bax's "Morning Watch": Queen's Hall, Tues., 16th, 8.15.

Recitals and Chamber Music

LÉNER QUARTET.—Third and fourth of six Beethoven recitals: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.30, and Sat., 13th, 3.

JOHN HUNT.—Beethoven recital: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 12th, 8.30.

NICOLAS MEDTNER.—Pushkin centenary concert, with Tatiana Makushina and Helen Karnitzkaia: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 13th, 8.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.—Agricultural Hall, Islington, to-day and to-morrow, 10th and 11th.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Burlington House.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' EXHIBITION.—45, Park Lane (by courtesy of Sir Philip Sassoon).

EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS, DRY-POINTS AND MEZZOTINTS.—5a, Pall Mall East.

ENGLAND V. IRELAND RUGGER INTERNATIONAL.—Twickenham, Sat., 13th.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is an attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floor-show is called *Paris Tour du Monde*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—*Folies d'Amour* is the huge new cabaret, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Vic Oliver heads the three-turn cabaret; Billy Bissett's band; extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you need not dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing; extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Dwight Fiske entertains; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

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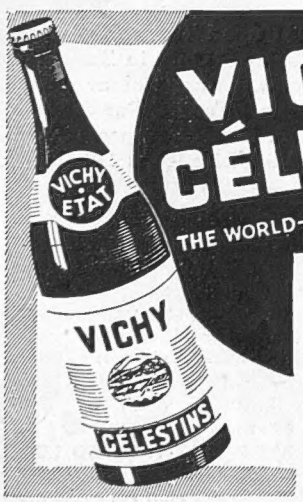

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BLACK *for brunettes*
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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fifth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 20th and 21st, 1937

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: S. H. R. Hornby
(Burnham & Berrow G. C.).

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 20th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 20th will be posted to each competitor by March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the **Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale.**

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 19th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 20th and Sunday, March 21st

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

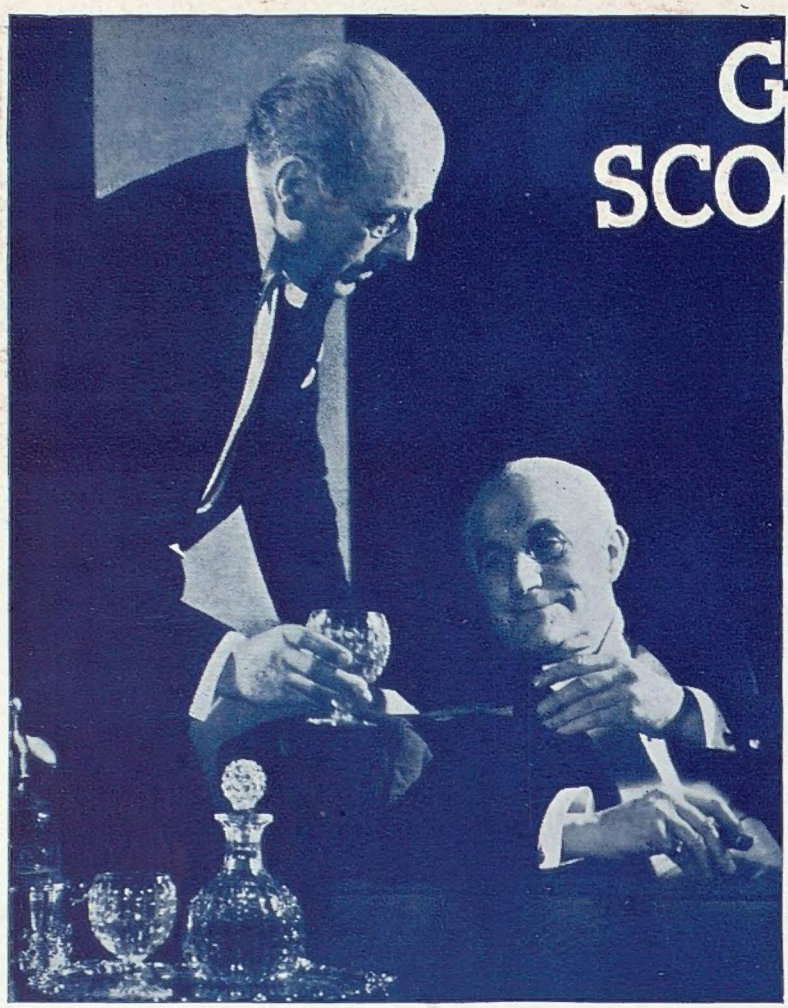
Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with.....in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*).....



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